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## SATURDAY EVENING POST. A PAMILT PAPER,

ERARPER'S WERRY TRA

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#### IN OCTOBER.

WRITTEN POR THE ADAY EVENING POST, BY PLORENCE PERCY.

Crown me with leaves with autumn leaves, Make me a crown without a thorn, For now is the month of fruit and sheaves, And this is the day I was born.

Carry your sickly flowers away, oder is faint, and their hues are cold-They tell of age and of dim decay, And I shall never be old Crown me with leaves—with golden leaves,

Weave me a crown without a thorn, For now is the month of fruit and sheaves, And this is the day I was born Ah me! we labor so long to learn

To mask our souls and to warp their truth,

That few among us deserve or discern The secret of deathless youth ' Crown me with leaves-with rosy leaves. Braid me a crown without a thorn, For now is the month of fruit and sheaves.

They are not dying-these leaves of ours-These colors are never the bues of death They only blush for the foolish flowers Which droop at the frost's first breath No make my crown of the brave bright leaves A garland hiding no cruel thorn,

th of fruit and sheaves

Yellow and scarlet and opal green, See how pallid your blo Warmer crimson never was seen. Or tenderer purple—no! Crown me with leaves—with rainbow leaves,

And this is the day I was born

Twine me a crown without a thorn, For now is the month of fruit and sheaves, And this is the day I was born ! See ! those are like clouds, where the sun has se

While these are paler, and wet with tears; Ah! those are the friends who love me yet, And these are my conquered years! Crown me with leaves—with gorgeous leaves,

Make me a crown without a th For now is the month of fruit and sheaves, And this is the day I was born

# THE ALLEN HOUSE:

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the

CHAPTER VIII.

The appearance, manner, and bearing of the two strangers impressed me strongly. The power of repulsion resides. We can, in tempelder had evidently moved in refined and cultation, be it ever so strong, refuse to act in the fied, calm, easy, and courteous. The daughter this is our tower of safety; for it is only in was a lovely blossom on this stately stem—deliurong doing that our enemies gain the victory night of our meeting-to my eyes a new born on of loveliness.

I found Constance awaiting, with curious inheart of this new wonder, and could not fail to bring back some revelation that would satisfy, in a measure, the excitement of mind produced by so singular an intrusion of strangers

of inquiry by the words,"It is over. Another book of life is sealed up here to be opened in eternity."

"Yes, Constance, Mrs. Allen is dead. Her spirit had passed away before my arrival."

"How did she die ?-from what cause ?" "From what I can learn she died in a fit of passion." I then related all that I had seen

and heard. "But who can they be?" This query came as a natural sequence. "What right have they in the Allen House!"

Whoever they may be," I replied, "they act, or, at least, the elder of the two ladies, acts as if her right there was not even open to a question. And, perhaps, it is not."

But what can they be to the Allens ?" "I will give you," said I, "the benefit of

my guessing on the subject. You recollect the nacle on the ever-shifting sands of time, instory told about Captain Allen's mother; how stead of upon the immovable Rock of Ages? she went off a great many years ago with a stranger-an Englishman ?" Constance remembered all about this family

ad in them something familiar."

We talked this matter over, looking at it in my conjectures must be true. The quiet man-ner in which they had intruded themselves, and taken possession of the house—unheralded as far as we knew—could not but present itself to our minds as a matter of special wonder. The more we conned it over the more we were puzzled.

Before coming home I had called at an undertaker's, and notified him that his services were wanted at the Allen House. Early on the next day I took the liberty of calling there myself. I sent up my name, and swaited, with ome interest, my reception. The visit might be regarded as an intrusion, and I was prepared to receive a message from the lady asking to be her garments on the stairs. My first glance at her face assured me that I was no unwelcome

'Thank you, Doctor," she said, as she extended her hand, "for this early call. Our meeting last night for the first time can hardly be called a pleasant one—or the associations connected with it such as either of us might wish to recall.

"Our control over events is so slight," I made answer as I resumed my seat, "that we as a friend."
should separate unpleasant feelings as far as possible from any memories connected with she answered

A faint, sad smile just lightened up her placid face, as she said, in reply to the remark. "Ah, Doctor, that may not be. Lives are too intimately blended here for any one to suffer or do wrong without leaving a burden of sadness

"True; but the burden will be light or heavy according to our strength."

She looked at me without replying, for the

remark was so palpable, that it seemed to involve nothing beyond a literal fact.
"Or rather," I said, "the burden will be heavy or light according to our state or quality." There was a sign of awakening interest in her

ountenance as if my remark had touched some hidden spring of thought. "If we are right with ourselves," I went on, "the disturbance produced by other's misconduct will not reach very far down. The pressure of sadness may lie upon us for a season; but cannot long remain; for the pure heart

will lift itself into serene atmospheres."
"But, who is right with himself?" she said, "whose heart is pure enough to dwell in these serene atmospheres. Not mine, alas!"

I looked into the suddenly illuminated face, as she put these questions, in surprise at the quick change which had passed over it. But the tone in which she uttered the closing sentence was touched with tender sadness.

"Rather let me say," I made answer, "in the degree that we are right with ourselves. None attain unto perfection here."
"Yet," said the lady, with a sweet calmness

of manner that made her look beautiful-"is it not pleasant to imagine a state of perfection -or rather a state in which evil is quiescent, and the heart active with all good and loving impulses? How full of inspiration is such an ideal of life! But the way by which we must go, if we would rise into this state, is one of difficulty and perpetual warfare. The enemies District Court for the Eastern District of Penn-of our peace are numbered by myriada; and sylvania. "And yet are powerless," said I, "if we keep the outworks of our lives in order."

"Yes," she answered, "it is in the very ultimate or last things of our lives where the tivated society all her life. There was about wrong direction-refuse to do an evil thing, her the air of "a lady, born and bred"-digni- because it is sinful. And this is our bulwark; cate, beautiful, sweet with the odors of inno- over us. They may assault us never so fiercecence. I see her now as I saw her on that first ly-may dazzle our eyes with the glitter of this world's most alluring things-may stir the latent envy, malice, pride, or dishonesty that lurks in every heart-but, if we stand still; terest, my return. I was going right into the hold back our hands and stay our feet-if we give our resolute 'No' to all enticements, and keep our actions free from evil, all hell cannot prevail against us. God will take care of the interior of our lives, and make them pure and upon our quiet town. I answered her first look heavenly if we resist evil in the exterior. But, pardon me; I did not mean to read you a ho-

She smiled with a grave sort of smile, and

then sat silent. "I like your way of talking," said I. There was something about the lady that put me at ease with her, and I said this without reserve as if I were speaking to a friend. "It looks to higher things in life than people usually regard as worthy of our chief consideration. most of us the outer world offers the highest attractions; only the few turn inwardly to the more beautiful world of mind."

"Outward things fade, change, die; only spiritual things dwell in unfading beauty. We are in a world of mere effects as to our bodies; but the soul lives in the world of causes. Do we not spend a vain and unprofitable life, then, if we go on building, day after day, our taber. by the gate as I alighted from my chaise. But, who is guiltless of this folly? Not I! Not I!

Again that caim, earnest voice feil to a lower know nothin'."

history—for it was the remance of our town.

"My conclusion is that this lady is the sister" It is something gained," she added, with "Who?"

of Captain Allen—the child that his mother took with her when she fied from her husband's sharp lessons of many years we get glimpees of house. I am strengthened in this belief from Truth, and are willing to follow, though it be the first impression of her veice, as if the tenes -it is something gained-something gained!"
She spoke the last words as if merely think-

every way, until we satisfied ourselves that ing aloud, and not addressing an auditor, my conjectures must be true. The quiet man- "Can I aid you in anything, madam?" said I, breaking in upon a state of reverie into which her mind seemed to be falling. "The circumstances under which you find yourself are pe-

enliar-I refer to the death of Mrs. Allen, fol lowing so quickly on your arrival among strangers-and you may stand in need of friendly service from one who knows the people and their ways. If so, do not hesitate to command

"I thank you, sincerely," she answered unbending still more from her almost stately manner. "Priendly consideration I shall need, of course—as who does not in this world? And I repeat my thanks, that you have so excused. Not so, however. I had been seated kindly and so promptly anticipated my needs only a few moments, when I heard the rustle of So far as the remains of my unhappy kinsweman are concerned, I have referred all to the undertaker. He will carry out my wishes. To-morrow, the interment will take place. On the day following, if it is altogether agreeable to yourself, I would esteem a call as a particu-

> I arose, as she concluded the last sentence, saying as I did so,
> "I will be sure to call, madam; and render

any service in my power. You may regard me "Already you have extorted my confidence,"

she answered, faintly smiling. I bowed low, and was retiring, when she

said-

"A moment, Doctor!" I turned toward her again.

"Doctor, it may be well for you to see my daughter."

"Is she indisposed?" I asked.

"Not exactly that. But the excitement and alarm of the last two or three days have been, I fear, rather too much for her nerves. I say alarm, for the poor girl was really frightened at Mrs. Allen's wild conduct—and no wonder. Death following in so sad a way, shocked her painfully. She did not sleep well last night; and this morning she looks pale and drooping. In all probability, quiet of mind and body will soon adjust the balance of health; still, it may

be safest for you to see her."
"A mere temporary disturbance, no doubt, which, as you suggest, quiet of mind and body will, in all probability overcome. Yet it will do no harm for me to see her; and may save trouble."

"Excuse me a moment," she said, and left the room. In a little while she returned, and asked me to accompany her up stairs.

I found the daughter in a black and gray silk wrapper, seated on a lounge. She arose as I entered, a slight flush coming into her face, which subsided in a few moments, leaving it quite pale, and weary looking. After we were all seated, I took her hand, which was hot in the palm, but cold at the extremities. Her pulse was feeble, disturbed, and quick.

"How is your head " I asked. "It feels a little strangely," she replied, noving it two or three times, as if to get some well defined sensation.

"Any pain!" "Yes; a dull kind of pain over my left eye, that seems to go deep into my head." "What general bodily sensation have you!

Any that you can speak of definitely !" "None, except a sense of oppression and heaviness. When I raise my arm, it seems to

fall like lead; if I move about I am weary, and wish to be at rest.' "Rest is, by all means, the most desirable

daughter had better lie down. Let her room be shaded and kept quiet. She needs rest and sleep. Sleep is one of nature's great re-"Will you make no prescription, Doctor " waste of physical energy.

the mother asked.

few moments, and then said

all right again. You will call in again to-day."

"Yes; towards evening I will see you daughter, when I hope to find her improved in every way."

I spoke with a cheerfulness of manner that did not altogether express my feelings in the yet clear enough for a diagnosis, that awakened slight concern. As I did not wish to go wrong the morning. in my first prescription, I deemed it better to wait a few hours, and see how nature would I went away, with a promise to call again early

## CHAPTER IX.

It was betwen four and five o'clock in the in the family ever since my remembrance -- she went by the name of "Aunty"-was standing

she, in a troubled way. the l

"Why dat bleased young lady what drapped do for her as if she were your own and only in among us, as if she'd come right down from the she'd come right down from the she'd come right down an She grasped my arm, like one catching at a

I did not linger to talk with "Aunty," but Blanche met me at the door. She looked very

anxious. "How is your daughter now ?" I asked.

"Not so well as when you saw her this norning," she answered. Her voice trembled. "I would have called earlier, but have been visiting a patient several miles away.

"She has been lying in a kind of stupes ever since you were here. What can it mean, The mother looked intently in my face, and

paused for an answer, with her lips apart. But I knew, as little as she, what it meant. Ah, how often do anxious friends question us, and hearken eagerly for our replies, when the signs of disease are yet too indefinite for any

"I can tell better after seeing your daughter," said I.

And we went up to the sick girl's chamber that north-west room, at the window of which I had first seen the fair stranger, as I stood wondering in storm and darkness. I found he lying in apparent sleep, and breathing heavily Her face was flushed; and I noticed the pecufiar odor that usually accompanies an eruptive

"How do you feel now?" I asked.

She had opened her eves as I took her hand She did not answer, but looked at me in a half bewildered way. Her skin was hot and the pulse small, but tense and corded.

Does your head ache " I wished to arouse her to external conscious

"Oh. it's you. Doctor." She recognized me, and smiled faintly.

"How are you now?" I inquired.
"Not so well, I think, Doctor," she answered. My head aches worse than it did; and I

"Have you any uneasiness, or sense of onression in the stomach?" I inquired. "Oh, yes, Doctor." She laid her hand upon

her chest; and drew in a long breath, as if trying to get relief.

"Have you felt as well as usual for a week, or ten days past ?" I inquired.

" No, Doctor." It was the mother who answered my question. "And in order that you may understand the case clearly, let me say, that it is only a week since we arrived from England. We came over in a steamer, and were fifteen days in making the trip. From Bos ton, we came here in our own carriage. Before leaving home, Blanche went around to see a number of poor cottagers in our neighborhood, and there was sickness at several of the places where she called. In one cottage, particularly, was a case of low fever. I was troubled when I learned that she had been there, but still hoped that her excellent state of health would repel anything like contagion. During patient, and untiring. The excitement which the first part of our voyage, she suffered considerably from sea-sickness; but got along very weil after that. If it hadn't been for the unhappy scenes of the last few days, with their painfully exciting consummation, I think she would have thrown off, wholly, any lurking

tendency to disease. I turned my face partly aside, so that its expression could not be seen. The facts stated, and the symptoms as now presented, left me in little doubt as to the nature of the malady against which I had to contend. Even while her mother talked, my patient fell away into the stuper from which I had aroused her.

My treatment of the case, coincided with the condition for you now," said I. Then addressing her mother, I added—"I think your cine to which I then belonged. I am not a disciple of that school now, baving found a system of exacter science, and one compassing more certain results with smaller risk and less

In order to remove the uneasiness of which I reflected on the symptoms exhibited, for a my patient complained, I gave an emetic. Its action was salutary, causing a determination "Nothing beyond repose, now. I trust that towards the skin and opening the pores, as well nature, as the pressure is removed, will work as relieving the oppression from which she suffered.

How is your head now " I asked, after she had been quiet for some minutes.

"Better. I feel scarcely any pain." "So far all is right," said I cheerfully.

The mother looked at me with an aprious face. I arose and we retired from the room tocase; for, there were some indications, not gether. Before leaving I spoke encouragingly to my patient, and promised to see her early in

My daughter is very sick, Doctor, What is the disease !" The mother spoke calmly and succeed in her efforts to repel the enemy. So armly. "I am not one towards whom any concealments need be practised; and it is meet that I should know the worst, that I may do

"The disease, madam," I replied, "has not yet put on all of its distinctive signs. A fever youd the limits of endurance," -we call it the fever of incubation - is the forerunner of several very different ailments, and afternoon, when I called again at the Allen at the beginning, the most accurate eye may fail to see what is beyond. In the present case, at the beginning, the most accurate eye may how. I think you can understand me. however, I think that typhoid fever is indi-

"Typhoid fever!" she cisculated in a low afterwards, that she had cause to dread this exhausting and often fatal disease. "Oh, Doctor! feelings.

fleeting hope.
"As if she were my own and only child!" I opeated her words in promise and assurance,

"The first result of the medicine which I gave is just what I desired. I will leave some-thing more to be taken at intervals of two hours, until midnight. In the morning, I hope to find

very encouraging change," " But, Doctor," she replied, "if this is a case of typhold fever, no hope of any quick change for the better can be entertained. I am no

tranger to the fearful malady." "Attacks of all diseases," I answered to this, "are more or less severe, according to the na-ture of the predisposing and exciting causes. So far as your daughter is concerned, I should think, from the very slight opportunity I have had of forming an opinion in regard to her, that she is not readily susceptible of morbife intrusiona. Under an unusual expeaure to exciting causes, the balance of health has been ie. If my presumption is correct, we have the steady effort of nature, in co-operation with remedial agencies, working towards a cure.

"Do you think the attack light, or severe?"

the mother asked, speaking more calmly.

"Neither light nor severe; but of a charac ter, judging from the first impression made upon it, entirely controllable by medicines."

This opinion gave her confidence. As I had spoken without any apparent concealment, she evidently believed the case to stand exactly as I had stated it. After leaving medicine to be taken, every two hours, for the first part of the

night, I went away. In the morning, I found my patient in that comatose state, the usual attendant upon ty-phoid fever. She aroused herself on my entrance, and answered all questions clearly. She had no pain in the head, nor any distressing symptoms. Her skin was soft and moist. All feel sick all over. I don't know what can things looked favorable, I gave, now, only gentle disphoreties, and let the case progress, watching it with the closest attention. In this, I followed my usual course of treatment as to giving medicines. If I could produce a reaction, or remove some obstruction, and give nature a chance, I did not think it wise to keep on with drugs, which, from their general poionous qualities, make even well people sickregarding the struggle of life with disease as hazardous enough, without increasing the risk by adding a new cause of disturbance, unless the need of its presence were unmistakably in-

The course of this fever is always alow and exhausting. My patient sunk steadily, day by day, while I continued to watch the case with more than common anxiety. At the end of a week, she was feeble as an infant, and lay, for the most part, in a state of coma. I visited her two or three times every day, and had the thought of her almost constantly in my mind. Her mother, nerved for the occasion, was calm, appeared on the occasion of my first visits, when there was doubt as to the character of the disease, passed away, and never showed itself again during her daughter's illness. I saw, daily, deeper into her character, which more and more impressed me with its simple grandeur, if I may use the word in this connecti There was nothing trifling, mean or unwomanly about her. Her mind seemed to rest with a profoundly rational, and at the same time childlike trust, in Providence. Fear did not unnerve her, nor anxiety stay her hands in anything. She met me, at every visit, with dignified self-possession, and received my report of the case, each time, without visible emotion, I had not attempted to deceive her in any thing from the beginning; she had seen this, and the fact gave her confidence in all my statements

touching her daughter's condition. old Madeira wine. The effect was soon apparent, in a firmer pulse and a quickened vitality. for most of the time since the con of the attack began to give way, and in a much of the attack, began to give shorter period than is usually the case, in this always oppressive to one of my nature

Thank God, who, by means of your skill, has given me back my precious child!" said the mother to me, one day, after Blanche was able to sit up in bed. She took my hand and moved. I merely answered,

"With Him are the issues of life."

"And I have tried to leave all with Him," she said. "To be willing to suffer even that plain. There is a Providence in all things, loss, the bare thought of which makes me shudder. But I am not equal to the trial, and for the fact to Providence, and leave it there in mercy He has spared me."

"He is full of compassion, and gracious. He knows our strength, and will not test it be- tain Allen, and settlement in this town.

"Doctor," she said, a light coming into her face, "I have much to say to you, but not England, she had taken her daughter, but left I merely bowed.

no restless curiosity, have plied me with sent over, about two years ago, a man of pru-no leading questions, have left me free to dence and intelligence, versed in legal matters, "Deed, an dar is den; else old Aunty don't voice, clasping her hands together. I bearned speak, or keep silence. There is a manly with instructions to obtain all possible parti-

I bornd again, but did not make upon nero works of compliments. ( a maps find at sold "I' am not ours," said she, "that mp come

"I am not sure," said she, "that my come is known to you."

"It is not," I surveyed. "You have seemed to avoid any allusion therete, and delicacy furbade my aching."

"There has been no purposed concealment. My name is Muntgomery; and I am sister to the late Capitain Alles."

"I had already inferred this relationship."

"On what ground could you base such an inference?" she asked, curiously.

inference?" she asked, curiously.
"On traditional ground. The history of this old mansion is familiar to most persons in 8——; and some of the incidents connected with the family have too strong a tinge of re-mance about them to easily pass into obliviou. It is well known to us that Captain Alien had

"What is it said became of her ?"

"When she was about two years of age her mother carried her off, sailing, as was believed, to England, of which country she was a na-

" In the name of the child preserved in this tradition !

"Yes. It was Flora." " My own name," she said.

"And in person you are identical."

"Yes. My mother's early life embraced some dreadful experiences. Her father and mother, with two brothers and a younger sister, were all murdered by pirates. She alone was spared, and afterwards became the wife of a sea captain, who, I fear, was not a man innecent of blood. On this point, however, my mother was reserved, almost silent. In the course of time she grew so wrotehed, as the wife of this man, that she sent a letter to Kngland, adsed to some remembered relative, imploring him to save her from a life that was worse than death. This letter fell into the right hands. A cousin was sent out from England, and she fiel with him. No attempt, as far as we know, was ever made to follow and regain her. She did not live many years afterwards I grew up among my relatives, ignorant of her history. My memory of her is distinct, though she died when I was but eight years old.

"I married, at the age of twenty-six, an officer in the British army, one of the younger sons in a titled family, for whom no way in the world is opened, except through the church or the battle-field. General Montgomery chose the profession of a soldier, not from a love of its exciting and fearful concemitants, but because he had no fancy for the gown and cassock, and could not be a hypocrite in religion. He went quite early to British India, and distinguished himself there by many acts of bravery, as well as by his humane and honorable conduct. So highly was he regarded by the East India Company, that he was selected for most important services, and assigned to posts of great responsibility. He was past thirty years of age when I met him, on the occasion of one of his visits to England. The attraction was mutual; and when he returned to Calcutta, I went with him as his wife. Then came twenty years of a happy married life ;happy, I mean, so far as a perfect union of souls can make us happy in this world, but miserable, at times, through intense anx iety for the absent one exposed to fearful

We had three children." There was a tremor in the voice of Mrs. Montgomery as she referred to her children. "One only remains." She paused, as if to recover herself, then went on.

"I lost my husband first. Ten years ago, he fell at the post of duty, and, while my heart lay crushed and bleeding under the ter rible blow, it leaped with throbbings of pride to lip, and from land to land. I had not the sad pleasure of being with him in that last At the end of a week, I commenced giving time. For the sake of our children, I was re-

The lethargic condition in which she had lain I was treated with great kindness, but as my of my own. I felt a sense of obligation that is disease, we had the unmistakable signs of confeeling grew upon me daily, and at last began to haunt me like a constantly re-appearing spectre. It is now about three years since, in looking over some old letters and papers, I came unexpectedly upon a document written by my mother all the evidence as to this grasped it tightly. I saw that she was deeply was clear—and addressed to myself. How it should have remained so long unobserved, and yet in my possession, is one of the mysterious things which I do not attempt to exeven to the most minute, and I simply re This document spoke briefly, but with no spe cial particularity, of her marriage with a Cap stated that she had two children, a son and a daughter, and that in leaving the son behind. There was no suggestion as to the use to be made of these facts; but there "There is one thing," she went on, "that was such a statement of them as left their veri rent by the name of "Aunty"—was standing the gate as I alighted from my chaise.

There is one thing, she went on, that the cated."

I have liked in you from the beginning. I am to you a total stranger, and my presence in this house, is a fact that must awaken many the blood go instantly back from the mother's questions in your mind. Yet you have shown the blood go instantly back from the mother's questions in your mind. Yet you have shown the present condition of things. To this end, I courtesy about this that accords with my culars in regard to my brother, his family and estate. He brought back word that my bro-

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old, in poor health, and verging towards al imbedity, if not imanity. That then mable estate, to which I, as

" I hard those things, for the time being, to ed over them in some ty as to the best course to take. But m these thoughts, my mind was seen d by the illness of my oldest daughter. After linguisting sickness of many weeks, she died f almost impossible to arouse myself stunning effects of this blow. It crushof me down more than any provious see ned by pain. It was many months before the discipline on awakened me to thoughts of a higher I began to rise into sevener height that even our saddeet things may fall upon us

Finally, circumstances of which I need not peak, made me resolve to leave England, and oder legal advice of the highest authority, take quiet possession of this setate, which is

Mrs. Montgomery ceased speaking

'it may be as well, all things cousidered, that you do not speak of this for the present. I shall, as soon as my daughter's full recovery gives us time to enter into the subject, place my affairs in the hands of a safe logal agent, order that they may assume due form and order. You can, no doubt, refer me to the right individual."

"I can," was my reply. "Judge Bigelow, of our town, is the man. I speak of him with the utmost confidence."

Thank you, Dector. You lay me under additional obligation," she said. "I will, at an early day, consult him."

Thus closed this deeply interesting inter-

#### CHAPTER X.

I attended Blanche Montgomery through her alow cenvalescence, and had many opportuni-tion for observing her and her mother closely. more intimately I knew them the higher 4id they rise in my estimation. A purer eweeter, truer-hearted girl than Blanche I had nover seen. There was an arthracuers and an nocence about her but rarely met with in young ladies of her age. Especially was she free from that worldliness and levity which se often mars young maidenhood. Her mind was well stored and cultivated, and she was beginning to use her mental treasures in a way that interested you and made you listen with excited?" pleased attention when she spoke on even men place subjects. Her manners had in them a grace and dignity that was very attrac-As she advanced towards health her deportment took en an easy, confiding air, as if smile, whenever I appeared, broke over her gentle face like a gleam of sunshine.

Mrs. Montgomery's manner towards me was distinguished by the same frankness that marked her daughter's deportment. The state ly air that struck me in the beginning I no ager observed. If it existed my eyes saw it differently. At her request, when her mind iontly at case about her daughter to busy itself with the common affairs of life, I brought Judge Bigelow to see her, and she placed her business matters in his hands. The Judge was very much struck with her person and manner, and told me the day after his first meeting with her that she came nearer to his ideal of a lady than any woman he had ever met; and as for the daughter she seemed more like a picture he had once seen than a piece of real firsh and blood. I smiled at the Judge's enthasiasm, but did not wonder at the impres-

lention, and we must turn to them. After Henry Wallingford had gained the mastery ever himself the struggle was wild, but brief in her for such things as repel, instead of for he resumed his office duties as usual, and those that charm the heart." few noticed any change in him, except that he withdrew even more than ever into himself. I met him occasionally, and observed him sloss In my eyes there was a marked difference

The dashing nephew of Judge Bigelow offerwas accepted. I became immediately had the news from Delia's aunt, Mrs. Dean. with Delia when he entered the room, and we A day or two afterwards I met her in company with young Dowey, and observed her closely sion had already begun. She was gay and eyes rested, with a sudden interest, on some chatty, and her countenance fresh and bloom-ing. But I missed something—nomething the the young man. We went on with our conabsence of which awakened a sigh of regret. Ralph was very lover-like in his deportment, fluttering about Delia, complimenting her, and from thought, only from memory-uttering showing her many obtrusive attentions. But mere truisms and common-places. She put eyes that were in the habit of looking below on more animation, and affected a deeper intethe surface of things, saw no heart in it all.

Source Flord was delighted with his daughter's fine prospects; and he and Judge Bigelow ford joined us. I saw him fix his eyes, as they drew their heads together over the affair in a met, searchingly upon her face, and saw her cony and confidential way very pleasant to eyes droop away from his. He was fully selfing his nephew's fine qualities and splendid and again, on his daughter's fortunate matriwas significative beyond anything that entered to such poor advantage. She tried to act a

day had not been fixed; but the marriage, as

some time during the next winter. She grew silent in company, and had an abway about her that contrasted strongly former social disposition. Young people rallied her in the usual style about her w, that a soul, endowed like hers, would helped him in the work upon which he had

conjunction with a kindred nature? Nothing! He was all outside as to good. A more selfeb. superficial, speculating man of the world.
While she had a heart capable of the despect and truest affection.

marriage, I often heard its promise discussed by my wife and Mrs. Dean, neither of whom had any strong liking for the young New York

the after the engagement had taken place, that Raiph has more froth than substan about him. He really talks, sometimes, as if he had the world in a sling and could toss it up among the stars. As far as my observation goes such people flourish only for a sea-

ood Constance, in her earnest way, "I would

"Yes, and a thousand millions of times," responded Mrs. Dean. "He is a man. You as for this splashing nephew of Judge Bigeow's who knows what's below the surface. givings. I can talk to you freely, you know."

grewn more cheerful since her engagement. to move in our circumscribed sphere, if some Brides expectant ought to feel as happy as the thing in the young man's steady, penetrating, day is long."

the same that she was at all; but mopes about more than half of her time. It's just my opinion-spoken between friends—that she to Judge Bigelow, "and I can't just make him cares, now, a great deal more for liency than she does for Raiph.

"Do they ever meet?" I inquired.

Not very often. "They have met?"

You, several times.

Have you seen them together !" Oh, yes.

How does she act towards him !"

"Not always the same. Sometimes she is talkative, and sometimes reserved—sometimes as gay as a lark, and sometimes soler enough: as if there were such a weight on her spirits, that she could not smile without an effort."

"Does the fact of his presence make any change in her?" I inquired. "What I mean is, if she were lively in spirits before he came in, would she grow serious, or if serious, grow

"Oh, yes, it always makes a change known her, after being very quiet, and hardly having anything to say, though in the midst of young company, grow all at once as merry as a cricket, and laugh and joke in a wild sort of way. And again, when she has been in one of her old, pleasant states of mind, I have noiced that she all at once drew back into her self; I could trace the cause to only this—the presence of Henry Wallingford. doesn't often happen, for he rarely shows himself in company.

" is there anything noticeable about Henry when they meet ?" I asked.

"Not to an ordinary observer," replied Mrs. Dean. "But I look with sharper eyes than most people. Yes, there is something notice able. He always puts himself in her way, but with a kind of forced, resolute manner, as if the act were a trial of strength, and involved a stern heart-discipline. And this, I think, is just the real state of the case. He has deliberately and resolutely entered upon the work of unwinding from his heart the cord which lov has thrown around it in so many intertwisted folds. So I read him. To break it by sudden force, would leave so many unwound portions Other characters in our story now claim at | behind, that the memory of her might sadden the whole of his after-life. And so he is learn ing to grow indifferent towards her. To search

"A dangerous experiment," said my wife, "for one who has loved so deeply."

"It would be to most men," I remarked .-But there is stuff about Henry-the stuff in the aspect of his face. It had an expression that strong, persistent, successful men are made of patient suffering at times—and again I saw of. If he has begun this work, he will complete it certainly.

A few weeks afterwards, I had an opportued himself to Squire Floyd's daughter in about nity of seeing them together, and I improved a week after her rejection of Wallingford's it to observe them closely. It was in a mixed company at the house of Judge Bigelow. Walcognizant of the fact through my wife, who lingford came in rather late. I was conversing were at an interesting point in the subject under consideration. I noticed, all at once, a In my eyes the work of moral retroces hesitation and confusion of thought, as her versation, Delia rallying herself, as I could see, with an effort. But she talked no longer rest; but I was not deceived.

We were still in conversation, when Wallin, m. The Judge was elequent touch possessed; she not at ease. His mind was clear; hers in some confusion. I remained and congratulated the Squire, time some time near them, listening to their conversation, and joining in occasionally. Never al speculation. He used the word which before had I seen him appear so well, nor her part-he was himself. I noticed, as he led A few days after the engagement Ralph the conversation, that he kept away from the lewey returned to New York. The wedding-esthetic, and held her thought in the region of moral causes. That he dwelt on the ends and od by all parties, was to take place purposes of life, as involving everything. Now and then she essayed a feeble argument, or From that time I noticed a change in Delia. met some of his propositions with light banter. he grew silent in company, and had an aland with a glance repressed the badinage. I think she could never before have so felt the superiority of this man, whose pure love-aleing absent with the beloved one, but I most worship—she had put aside as a thing signs differently. It could not but of light importance; and I think the interview

After this interview, they did not de gether again during the evening. Della tried to be gay and indifferent; but he acted himself out just as he was. I did not choove that he was more social than usual, or that he min-Would be make the fit- gled more than was his went with the young ting complement to her life? Also? No! tadks present. For most of the time he kept, as was usual with him, in company and in conversing the few months that preceded this versation with his own sex.

I could not but pity Delia Ployd. plain to me that she was waking up to error she had committed—an error the consequences of which would go with her through "It's my opinion," said Mrs. Dean, as she life. Very, very far was she from being insat with my wife one evening, about two different to Wallingford-that I could plainly

During the winter, Ralph came up frequen ly from New York to visit his bride to be. As he was the pephew of Judge Bigelow, he and Wallingford were, as a thing of course, thrown often together during these visits. It can hardly excite wonder that Wallingford maintained a reserved and distant demeanor wards the young man, steadily repelling all adhousand times rather trust her with Henry familiarity, yet always treating him with such politeness and respect that no cause of offence Ployd, who thought he perceived something could appear. On the part of Dewey, it may be said that he saw little in the grave plodder ow just what he is, and where he is. But, among dusty law books and discolored parchments, that won upon his regard. He looked upon him as a young man good enough in his Della's father is all taken up with him, and way-a very small way in his estimation .thinks the match a splendid one. Sister don't Good enough for S——, and small enough say much; but I can see that she has her mise for a country town lawyer. He would have rings. I can talk to you freely, you know." put on towards him a patronizing air, and tried "I don't think," said I, "that Delia has to excite in his mind a nobler ambition than half-mysterious eye had not always held him

"I never can talk with that young associate of yours, uncle," he would say, now and then, out. Is he stupid or queer!"

The Judge would smile-or laugh quietly to himself-or perhaps answer in this wise :

waters, you know, run deep."

One day in February, on the occasion of periodical visit to S-, young Dewey called in at Judge Bigelow's office, and finding Walagford alone, sat down and entered into as familiar a talk with him as was possible, con idering how little they had in common. Ralph had a purpose in view, and as soon as he saw or thought he saw, Wallingford's mind in the right mond, said:

"I am going to ask a particular favor, and on must not refuse."

If I can serve you in anything, it will be my pleasure to do so," was the ready an-

"You know that I am to be married next nonth. "So I have heard," replied Wallingford.

"You will stand my groomsman? Don't

He had seen an instant negative in the roung man's face. "Almost anything else, but not that!" re

plied Henry, speaking with some feeling. He was thrown off his guard by so unexpected a request. Come now, my good friend, don't take the matter so much to heart!" said Dewey,

in a light way. "Plenty of good fish in the yet-as good as ever were caught. You must forgive the girl for liking me the best." "You jest on a grave subject," said Walingford, his face growing pale, but his eyes, a little dilated, riveting his companions where

"No. I am in earnest," said Dewey, with mething in his manner that was offensive. "Jest or carnest, your familiarity is out of place with me," retorted Wallingford, with a Pekin is a box,-marked "right side up with sternness of manner that quickened the flow of had blood in Dewey's heart.

"Oh, you needn't take on airs!" replied the other, with a sneer of contempt. Then muttering to himself, yet loud enough to be heard,—"I didn't suppose the puppy would growl at a familiar pat on the head."

This was too much for Wallingford. At aumanly self-possession. But only an hour before he had met Miss Floyd in the street, and heart, and left a tinge of shadowy regret on his feelings. He was, therefore, in no mood to bear triffing, much less insult. Scarcely had the offensive words passed Dewey's lips, when a blow in the face staggered him back against the wall. Instantly recovering himself he sprung towards Wallingford in blind rage, and struck at him with a savage energy: but the latter stepped aside, and let his assailant come, with stunning force, against the wall at left to rankle as the result of defeat.

While we doubt a little the "best family" and "sister" part of the above, we cannot doubt that a sister of Robert Pulton—known to be such—would be properly cared for in any part of Pennsylvania; and we trust we may say the same for Virginia, for the fame of Robert Fulton belongs not alone to any State, and all of the lives; and not had feelings been for Virginia, for the fame of Robert Fulton belongs not alone to any State, and all of the lives; and the would have been saved, but to the whole broad Union. come, with stunning force, against the wall at left to rankle as the result of defeat. the other side of the office, when he fell to the

At this instant, Judge Bigelow came in. "Henry! Ralph!" he exclaimed-" what is the meaning of this ?"

Your nephew insulted me, and in the heat of anger I struck him in the face. In attempting to return that blow, he missed his attained, we trust it will have a tendency to aim, and fell against the wall, as you see,

in a stern, resolute way. By this time, Dewey was on his feet again. The sight of his nucle, and the unflinching aspect of the person he asked, which the uncivilized have a clear right

What is the meaning of this, young men?" sternly repeated Judge Bigelow, looking from to refuse to trade-and any attempt to force ne to the other.

"I have answered your question as far as I am concerned." replied Henry.

To this demand, the nephew replied, with no abatement of his originally offensive man-"If he chooses to consider my words as

insult, let him do so. I shall in no case take as the only Christian policy. "What did you say?"

Dewey was silent. What did he say,"-Judge Bigelow term

set all | the latter, "the case can rest where it is. If Music the tornhea will be thrown in a hosp and not, I am ready to meet him on any appeared will find me no trifler."

The Judge turned again to his nephew.

"Ralpht I finest upon having the matter explained. I know Henry too well to believe that he would strike you, unless there had

Perhaps he regarded it as such : I did not,

"If he is natisfied with his chastisemen there is no occasion to press him farther, Judge," Wallingford was provoked to this by Judge," Washington, the young man's cool impertinence,

upon Wallingford, but the Judge interpose his body to keep them apart. The appe of a fourth party at this juncture, in the person of Squire Floyd, the prospective fath law of one of the belligeren ts, changed mate rially the aspect of affairs.

'Good-morning, Squire," said Wallingford, with a quickly assumed cheerfulness of man ner, smiling in his usual grave way.

Both the Judge and his nephew saw reason to imitate the example of Wallingford, and thus throw up a blind before the eyes of Squire wrong as he came in, but was afterwards in

lined to doubt the evidence of his senses. Wallingford retired in a few moments When he came back to the office an hour afterwards, he found a note of apology on his table, accompanied by a request that so unpleasant an incident as the one which had just courred, might be suffered to pass into obli-No acknowledgement of this communication was made by the young lawyer. He felt the strongest kind of repugnance towards Dewey, and could not gain his own consent to have any intercourse with him. His position, as an associate with Judge Bigelow, occasion ally brought him in contact with the nephew who recognized him always in a respectfu manner. But Wallingford held him ever oldly at a distance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# "I think Henry understands himself. Still THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

#### TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are \$2 a year, if paid cance -8.3, if not paid in advance. If T The FIRST  $_{3}$  is subscription must always be paid in ADVANCE.  $_{3}$  -8.1, NOVANCE, one copy is sent three years, a continue the following low Terms to Clubs:

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the money and names for a Club may add new names to t at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their unberriptions to end at the same time those of the main ist do. We will supply the back numbers if we have hem. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each limb end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion. The money for Club must always be sent in advance. The money for the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEALON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot un-dertake to return rejected communications. If the arti-cic is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a

## THE AMERICAN POLICY.

Few readers could help laughing at the wicked story coined probably by a Paris editor, who represented that Mr. Ward, the American Minister to China, had been carried to care," it is to be hoped.

Later news would lead us to believe, that the box was simply a sedan chair-a conveyance very frequently used in the East-and that Mr. Ward has been treated with all due considera-

If a few polite words in the case of the American Minister, have been more effective than other time, he might have borne it with a all the menaces of France and England, it would be nothing unusual in the history of this world. Men and Nations are always the look she then gave him had stirred his taking the most difficult means to attain their ends. Probably if France had offered Austria just one-half of what she has spent in the last

If the allied nations of France and England have to go to war with China to secure their trade, the cost of the war probably will more than equal the profits of that trade for fifty

Years. If the American Minister has been received. as now reported, and the object of his mission convince the courts of Europe, that in dealing Wallingford spoke without excitement, but with all half civilized and barbarous peoples, a smile will generally go further than a frown. Especially in cases where favors are to be had rentured to insult, had the effect to cool to refuse, is the courteons policy the true off his excitement many degrees. know that he has a moral and political right men to do that which they have a clear right to refuse to do, can hardly fail to make them at heart your enemies. As a proof, therefore, Ralph! Speak! Did you offer him an in- of the wisdom of the just and amicable course pursued by our Government in these Chinese difficulties, we welcome the recent news. And justice and courtesy to the heathen and other will show. weaker nations, as the true American, as well

GLORY TO SCHILLER.-The Germans of this There was an imperative force in the Judge's city contemplate a three days' festival to commemorate the 10th of November, the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the gifted and heroic poet, Schiller. On the evening of the & Co., Boston. "If he is satisfied with the answer," replied When the procession reaches the Academy of

burst (German fashion), after a fastive song and appropriate cration. While the procession is moving along, one hundred can will be fired.

The uhlef festivities will take place on the evening of the 10th, in the Academy of Music. The Germania Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sentz, has been engaged for this occa (Genangy oreine) and a number of sole singer will be present, the orchestra numbering forty the entire chorus over two hundre lingers. An oration in German, by Gustavus Remak, and one in English, by Rev. W. H.
Purases, will also be given. The reading of
a poem, written for the occasion by Perdinand
Preiligrath, is to be followed by the unveiling of the statue of Schiller.

On the third day, the 11th of November, the celebration will be concluded with the repre-sentation of one of Schiller's dramas, at the Stadt Theatre. The whole affair will manifes the veneration of all of German blood, for the genius and nobility of Schiller, and no doubt will be participated in by thousands from the adjoining country.

#### A SLANDER REPUTED.

been widely circulated among the literary circles of the United States, that the original from which Mr. Dickens drew his elebrated character of Harold Skimpole, was no less a person than the well-known Knglish author, Leigh Hunt. This has been repeatedly denied, but being as often re-asserted, probably it is still the general belief. A late writer in "lientley's Miscellofly," however, gives an emphatic, and what would seem to be authoritative denial to this story in the following

"It is generally thought that the character

"It is generally thought that the character of Skimpole, in 'Bleak House,' was intended for the portrait of Leigh Hunt, and the world drew its inference accordingly—to the disadvantage of the supposed original; but it is only an act of justice to Mr. Dickens to state that, when the calumn reached his sors, he immediately called upon his old friend to say how grieced he was that such an unfounded report should have got abroad, and expressed his anxiety to do anything that might be suggested to contradice, and, if possible, to neutralize it. There is something truly shocking in the cruel injustice of representing this brave old man not only as a mere selfish Sybarite, but as one devoid altogether of honor and integrity. Look at the right side of the tapestry! Self-denying and hard-working—generous, though with scanty means—ever ready to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others, and with personal wants that were satisfied with the simplest expenditure, for sixty years his pen was never idle, he continued to write till within a few days of his death, and we have it from one who stood at his bedside when he died, that, not many weeks before the sad event, feeble and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. We weeks herere the sad event, recole and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. We know also how his latest hours were employed. As the last verses that Shelley ever wrote were a Welcome of his friend to Italy, so the last writings of Leigh Hunt, a few days before his death, were a defence of Shelley against the calumnious attack in a Life of the Poet by a pretended friend. It is a consolatory tion to those who mourn the death of Hunt that he not only outlied a pretended friend. It is a consolatory reflec-tion to those who mourn the death of Leigh Hunt that he not only outlived most of the early enmittes which his courage and love of truth provoked, but that those who had been his foes were, in many instance, converted into his warnest admirers."

It seems to us a pity that Mr. Dickens, instead of offering to contradict the report, had not at once contradicted it, over his own signature. An emphatic line or two from him would have arrested the calumny at once. But the Lie in this case has gone, not only a thousand miles, but around the world, while Truth was putting on her boots.

Not a TRUE BILL .- To the paragraph going the rounds of the papers, stating that a sister of Robert Fulton is an inmate of a poor-house in Monroe county, Pennsylvania, Mr. M. H. Decker, of Strondsburg, replies as follows:-

There is a mistake in the printer somewhere There is a mistake in the printer somewhere.

We have no "poor-house" in Monroe county,
consequently we have no superintendent of
such an institution. Our postmaster handed
the letter to me, and requested me to answer
it. I recollect reading the same intelligence in it. I recollect reading the same intelligence in some paper a few days ago, and I think it was in Monroe county, Firginia—the printer may have taken "Va." for "Pa." There is no person by the name of Futron in our county, and I assure you that if there were (within the limits of our county) a sister to the immortal Futron, she never would become an inmate of a poorhouse! She would be taken into one of our best families, and treated as a sister.

A neat little volume gives us BABY MAY AND OTHER PORMS ON IMPARTS, by the English poet, W. C. BENNETT. (Ticknor & Fields, Bos-

AND OTHER PORES ON LEFANTS, by the English poet, W. C. BENNETT. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) We have in past time published several of these exquisite baby-songs, in which all fathers and mothers find echoes of their own hearts' fondest fancies and feelings.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November, is out, with the names of Ticknor & Fields on its cover as the new publishers.

In the magazine way, AETHCE'S LADIES' HOMES MAGAZINE has indisputably good claims. The November number, now before us, has a steel engraving, a fine colored fashion plate, six or eight pages of needle-work patterns and drawings of ladies and childrens' dresses and decorations; besides tales, poems, essays, ancedotes; hints on health; receipts for house-keeping; directions for tollet work of various kinds, and other matter of interest and value to families. This, too, is a cheap magazine, as the advertisement of terms in another column will show.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

REMENTS OF MILITARY ART AND SCIENCE.

By H. WAGER HALLECK, A. M. D. Appleton a gainty. The Court excluded those who were we trust it may have an effect to inaugurate the advertisement of terms in another column

By H. WAGER HALLRCK, A. M. D. Appleton &

GERWAINE. By EDWOND ABOUT. Translated om the French by MARY L. BOOTH. J. E. Tilten

o Wallingford, "that you should answer it on thing the Germans of all nations understand. Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Turnill. Charles Seribner, EDITH THE BACKWOODS GIRL. A Story for The Palace or ran Gener Kine; or The Power, Wisdom and Goodman of God Illastrated in the Multiplicity and Variety of His Works. By

THE BOY'S OWN TOY-MARKS. By E. LANDRILLS.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE GO. STORES MARKIES. By C. LANDRILLS.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE GLO STORES MARKIES. By CHARLES J.

PRYSERON. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phills.

RYSERON.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COURSELLOR IN BU-IFESS. By FRANK CROSET. John E. Potter, SREMONS BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Sixth

BLACKWOOD'S MARAEINE. October. Locard ott & Co., New York.

### THE HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY.

THE TRIAL BROWN REPURSE TO SUT UP THE IONY-WITHDRAWAL OF HIS COURSEL, &

The preliminary examination of the prisoners on the 25th, resulted in their being hold for trial. The prisoners were conducted from the jail under a guard of eighty armed men. A the jail under a guard of eighty armed mes. A guard was also stationed around the Court House, and bayonets are bristling on all sides. The prosecution is conducted by Charles B. Harding, Eq., Attorney for the County, assisted by Andrew Hunter, lisq.

The Court inquired if the prisoners had counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

Virginians: I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial, and under no circumstances whatever will I be able to attend to a trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without the mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the foelings of my fellow prisoners, and I am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory doesn't serve me. My health is insufficient, although improving.—There are mitigating circumstances, if a fair trial is to be allowed us, that I would urge in our favor, but if we are to be forced, with the more form of a trial, to execution, you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult: nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what the design of this examination is. I do not know what the design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little to ask other than that I be not foolishly insulted, as the cowardly and barbarous insult those who fall into their power.

The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and

into their power. The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and

The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

After considerable discussion, in which the prisoners were assured they were to have a fair trial, they consented to accept the above counsel. Brown's object in refusing counsel was, that if he had counsel, he would not be allowed to speak himself, and Southern counsel would not be willing to express his views. He finally accepted the counsel, however.

ever.
The TRIAL.—Charlestown, Oct. 28.—The Circuit Court met at 10 o'clock this morning,
Judge Parker on the bench.
The Grand Jury was called, and after answer-

ing to their names retired to resume the ex-amination of the witnesses, when the Court took a recess while awaiting the return of the

Grand Jury.

Mr. Johnson, U. S. Marshal from Cleveland, Ohio, arrived this morning, and on visiting the prisoners, identified Copeland as a fugi-tive of justice from Ohio. His object is sup-posed to be to ferret out testimony implicating other restrictions.

other parties.

The excitement here continues unabated, and the town is crowded with people from the surrounding country. The event is universally regarded as proving the faithfulness of the slaves, and no fears are entertained of them, but the military guard is kept up from the fear of an attempted rescue of the prisoners. Much consternation is created among the slaves by a fear of being seized like those of Col. Washington, and they firmly believe that the object of the prisoners was to carry them to the South and sell them. Not a single slave has as yet been implicated as even sympathizing with the

and sell them. Not a single slave has as yet been implicated as even sympathising with the insurrectionists. Those carried off were all re-captured and returned to their masters. An armed guard is still patrolling around the jail, and cannon are posted in front. Capt. Brown has consented to allow Messrs. Faulkner and Botts to act as his counsel, they

Faulkner and Botts to act as his counsel, they assuring him that they will defend him faithfully, and give him the advantage of every privilege that the law will allow.

Stevens declares that he does not desire to be defended by Northern counsel, preferring Southern, and that the Court should name them.

them.

There is a decided sympathy for Stevens, not
them, there is a decided sympathy for Stevens, not
the sympathy for Steven only on account of his sufferings, but because he has shown none of that vindictiveness and hardihood that characterizes Brown, and his course is regarded as having resulted from folly. The examination yesterday indicated that other prisoners have lost their confidence in Brown, and are not disposed to follow him in his deflant course.

conspiring with negroes to produce an insur-rection; second, for treason to the Common rection; second, for treason to the commonwealth; and third, for murder.

The prisoners were brought into Court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the street and entered the Court House without the slightest demonstra-

Judge refused to delay the trial.

The whole aftermoon was taken up in obtaining a jury. The Court excluded those who were present at Harper's Ferry, and also those who had formed or expressed any opinion that would prevent them deciding the case impartially. Twenty-four, mostly farmers from a distance, some owning a few slaves, were selected as competent jurors. Out of these, the counsel for the prisoner struck off eight, and then twelve were selected, by ballot, from the

Morks. By York.

LANDRILLS. MARKER J. , Phila LLOR IN Ru. E. Potter, ion. Sixth Lounard

AGEDY.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, NOVEMBER 5, 1809.

See that the first the second of the control of th Many of the stands of the stan

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his legal with, which second to be covered was old, in poor health, and varying towards mastel imbedding, if not imanity. That there was a large and valuable estate, so which I, as was a large and valuable estate, so which I, as

"I kept these things, for the time being, to wash, and pondered over them in some ty as to the best course to take. in thoughts, my mind was seen turn one of my oldest daughter. After knees of many weeks, she died. nost impossible to arouse myself a linguring stommen.

It seemed almost impossible to arouse mysfrom the stunning effects of this blow. It crushfrom the stunning effects of this blow. It crushed me down more than any previous serrow,
at me down more than any previous serrow.

This could be a standard weakened by pain. It for it fell upon a heart weakened by ; Then I began to rise into sevener heights that even our saddest things may fall upon us

made me resolve to leave Hagland, and inder legal advice of the highest authority, earing of this estate, which is

ry ceased speaking

"Perhaps," she resumed, after a me it may be as well, all things countdered, that not speak of this for the present. I shall, as soon as my daughter's full recovery gives me time to enter into the subject, place my affairs in the hands of a safe legal agent, in order that they may assume due form and givings. I can talk to you freely, you know." order. You can, no doubt, refer me to the

"I can," was my reply. "Judge Bigelow, of our town, is the man. I speak of him with

early day, consult him." Thus closed this deeply interesting inter-

#### CHAPTER X

I attended Blanche Montgomery through her thes for observing her and her mother closely more intimately I knew them the high-41d they rise in my estimation. A purer sweeter, truer-hearted girl than Blanche I had never seen. There was an arthenness and an innocence about her but rarely met with in young ladies of her age. Reportally was she free from that worldliness and levity which se often mars young maidenhood. Her mind was well stored and cultivated, and she was beginning to use her mental treasures in a way that ed you, and made you listen with pleased attention when she spoke on even n place subjects. Her manners had in them a grace and dignity that was very attracportment took on an easy, confiding air, as if she looked upon me as a true friend. Her smile, whenever I appeared, broke over her gentle face like a gleam of sunshine.

distinguished by the same frankness that marked her daughter's deportment. The stately air that struck me in the beginning I me anger observed. If it existed my eyes saw it differently. At her request, when her mind was sufficiently at case about her daughter to busy itself with the common affairs of life, I Dean. "But I look with sharper eyes than brought Judge Bigelow to see her, and she Judge was very much struck with her person and manner, and told me the day after his first ideal of a lady than any woman he had ever just the real state of the case. He has delibenet; and as for the daughter she seemed more like a picture he had once seen than a piece of esh and blood. I smiled at the Judge's enthusiasm, but did not wonder at the impres-

Other characters in our story now claim attention, and we must turn to them. After Henry Wallingford had gained the mastery over himself-the struggle was wild, but brief be resumed his office duties as usual, and few neticed any change in him, except that he withdrew even more than ever into himself. I met him occasionally, and observed him close In my eyes there was a marked difference it a most touching sadness.

The dashing nephew of Judge Bigelow offerwith young Dowey, and observed her closely chatty, and her countenance fresh and bloom-Ralph was very lover-like in his deportment, showing her many obtrusive attentions. the surface of things, saw no heart in it all.

Squire Floyd was delighted with his daughcosy and confidential way very pleasant to ing his nephew's fine qualities and splendid nepects; and congratulated the Squire, time and again, on his daughter's fortunate matrimonial speculation. He used the word which

A few days after the engagement Ralph day had not been fixed; but the marriage, as

From that time I noticed a change in Delia.

She grew silent in company, and had an ab.

But with a word he obliterated the sophism way about her that contrasted strongly former social disposition. Young w, that a soul, endowed like hers, would helped him in the work upon which he had

have migritum in view of an alliance one like Salph Dowey. What was the him to satisfy a true woman's yearnings conjunction with a kindred nature? Nothis He was all outside as to good. A more selsuperficial, speculating man of the w and truest affection. Would be make the fitting complement to her life? Alas? No! That were a thing impossible. During the few months that preceded this

During the few months that preceded this marriage, I often heard its promise discussed by my wife and Mrs. Dean, neither of whom had any strong liking for the young New York

ant with my wife one evening, about two months after the engagement had taken place, "that Raiph has more froth than substance about him. He really talks, sometimes, as it he had the world in a sling and could up among the stars. As far as my observa-tion goes such people flourish only for a sea-

"If Delia were a child of mine." said my Athousand times rather trust her with Henry Wallingford than with Ralph Dewey.

"Yes, and a thousand millions of times, espunded Mrs. Dean. "He is a man. You know just what he is, and where he is. But, as for this splashing nephew of Judge Bige-Delia's father is all taken up with him, and thinks the match a splendid one. Sister don't say much; but I can see that she has her mis-

"I don't think," said I, "that Delia has grown more cheerful since her engagement. Brides expectant ought to feel as happy as the day is long.'

More cheerful? Oh, dear, no! She isn't "Thank you, Dector. You lay me under the same that she was at all; but mopes about additional obligation," she said. "I will, at an more than half of her time. It's just my opinion-spoken between friends-that she cares, now, a great deal more for Henry than she does for Raiph."

"Do they ever meet?" I inquired.

" Not very often.

"They have met !" 'Yes, several times."

"Have you seen them together !"

"Oh, yes." 'How does she act towards him ?"

Not always the same. Sometimes she talkative, and sometimes reserved sometimes as gay as a lark, and sometimes sober enough as if there were such a weight on her spirits

that she could not smile without an effort.' "Does the fact of his presence make any hange in her !" I inquired. "What I mean is, if she were lively in spirits before he came in, would she grow serious, or if serious, grow excited "

"Oh, yes, it aiways makes a change. I'v known her, after being very quiet, and hardly having anything to say, though in the midst of young company, grow all at once as merry as a cricket, and laugh and joke in a wild sort of way. And again, when she has been in one of her old, pleasant states of mind, I have noticed that she all at once drew back into her self; I could trace the cause to only this—the presence of Henry Wallingford. But this doesn't often happen, for he rarely shows himself in company.

"Is there anything noticeable about Henry when they meet ?" I asked.

"Not to an ordinary observer," replied Mrs. most people. Yes, there is something notice ed her business matters in his hands. The abic. He always puts himself in her way, but with a kind of forced, resolute manner, as if the act were a trial of strength, and involved a secting with her that she came nearer to his stern heart-discipline. And this, I think, is rately and resolutely entered upon the work of unwinding from his heart the cord which love bas thrown around it in so many intertwisted folds. So I read him. To break it by sudden force, would leave so many unwound portions behind, that the memory of her might sadden the whole of his after-life. And so he is learning to grow indifferent towards her. To search in her for such things as repel, instead of for those that charm the heart."

"A dangerous experiment," said my wife,

"It would be to most men," I remarked .-But there is stuff about Henry-the stuff in the aspect of his face. It had an expression that strong, persistent, successful men are made of patient suffering at times -and again I saw of. If he has begun this work, he will complete it certainly.

A few weeks afterwards, I had an opportua week after her rejection of Wallingford's it to observe them closely. It was in a mixed it to be such—would be properly cared for in any part of Pennsylvania; and we trust we may just what both parties meant, as there is now. and of the fact through my wife, who lingford came in rather late. I was conversing but the latter stepped aside, and let his assailant had the news from Delia's aunt, Mrs. Dean. with Delia when he entered the room, and we A day or two afterwards I met her in company were at an interesting point in the subject under consideration. I noticed, all at once, a Alas! In my eyes the work of moral retroces. hesitation and confusion of thought, as her ady begun. She was gay and ever routed with a sudden interest, on some object in the room. Glancing around, I saw ing. But I missed something-something the the young man. We went on with our con see of which awakened a sigh of regret. versation, Delia railying herself, as I could sec, with an effort. But she talked no longer fluttering about Delia, complimenting her, and from thought, only from memory-uttering mere truisms and common-places. She put eyes that were in the habit of looking below on more animation, and affected a deeper interest : but I was not deceived.

We were still in conversation, when Wallingter's fine prospects; and he and Judge Bigelow ford joined us. I saw him fix his eyes, as they eir heads together over the affair in a met, searchingly upon her face, and saw her of them. The Judge was eloquent touchis nephew's fine qualities and splendid clear; hers in some confusion. I remained some time near them, listening to their conversation, and joining in occasionally. Never before had I seen him appear so well, nor he ificative beyond anything that entered to such poor advantage. She tried to act a part-he was himself. I noticed, as he led the conversation, that he kept away from the ed to New York. The wedding- esthetic, and held her thought in the region of moral causes. That he dwelt on the ends and erstood by all parties, was to take place purposes of life, as involving everything. Now insult, let him do so. I shall in no case take and then she essayed a feeble argument, or and with a glance repressed the badinage. think she could never before have so felt the de rallied her in the usual style about her superiority of this man, whose pure love—alpeople rallied her in the usual style about her superiority of this man, whose pure love—asheart being absent with the beloved one, but I most worship—she had put aside as a thing to Wallingford, "that you should answer it signs differently. It could not but of light importance; and I think the interview

gether again during the evening. Delin tried to be gay and indifferent; but he acted himself out just as he was. I did not charve that he was more social than usual, or that he mingled more than was his went with the young ladies present. For most of the time he kept as was usual with him, in company and in conersation with his own sex.

error she had committed an error the conse es of which would go with her through life. Very, very far was she from being in-different to Wallingford—that I could plainly

During the winter, Ralph came up frequently from New York to visit his bride to be. As he was the nephew of Judge Bigelow, he and Wallingford were, as a thing of course, thrown often together during these visits. It can hardly excite wonder that Wallingford maintained a reserved and distant demeanor to wards the young man, steadily repelling all familiarity, yet always treating him with such politeness and respect that no cause of offence Floyd, who thought he perceived something ould appear. On the part of Dewey, it may be said that he saw little in the grave plodder among dusty law books and discolored parchments, that won upon his regard. He looked upon him as a young man good enough in his way-a very small way in his estimation .-Good enough for 8——, and small enough for a country town lawyer. He would have put on towards him a patronizing air, and tried to excite in his mind a pobler ambition than to move in our circumscribed sphere, if something in the young man's steady, penetrating, half-mysterious eye had not always held him

"I never can talk with that young associate of yours, uncle," he would say, now and then, to Judge Bigelow, "and I can't just make him out. Is be stupid or queer !"

The Judge would smile-or laugh quietly to himself-or perhaps answer in this wise :

waters, you know, run deep."

One day in February, on the occasion of a periodical visit to 8——, young Dewey called in at Judge Bigelow's office, and finding Walperiodical visit to 8-

ngford alone, sat down and entered into as familiar a talk with him as was possible, conidering how little they had in common. Ralph had a purpose in view, and as soon as he saw. or thought he saw, Wallingford's mind in the right mood, said "I am going to ask a particular favor, and

ust not refuse.

'If I can serve you in anything, it will be ny pleasure to do so," was the ready an-"You know that I am to be married next

"So I have heard," replied Wallingford. "You will stand my groomsman? Don't

He had seen an instant negative in the

young man's face. "Almost anything else, but not that!" re plied Henry, speaking with some feeling. He

was thrown off his guard by so unexpected a "Come now, my good friend, don't take

the matter so much to heart!" said Dewey, in a light way. "Plenty of good fish in the sea yet-as good as ever were caught. You most forgive the girl for liking me the best." You jest on a grave subject," said Wal-

lingford, his face growing pale, but his eyes, little dilated, riveting his companions where

"No. I am in earnest," said Dewey, with mething in his manner that was offensive. "Jest or earnest, your familiarity is out of

ternness of manner that quickened the flow of had blood in Dewey's heart.

Oh, you needn't take on airs!" replied the other, with a sneer of contempt. Then muttering to himself, yet loud enough to be heard,-"I didn't suppose the puppy would growl at a femiliar pat on the head."

This was too much for Wallingford. At an his feelings. He was, therefore, in no mood just one-half of what she has spent in the last to bear triffing, much less insult. Scarcely had the offensive words passed Dewey's lips, come, with stunning force, against the wall at left to rankle as the result of defeat. the other side of the office, when he fell to the

At this instant, Judge Bigelow came in. "Henry! Ralph!" he exclaimed-"what

is the meaning of this ?" Your nephew insulted me, and in the heat of anger I struck him in the face. In attempting to return that blow he missed his aim, and fell against the wall, as you see.

Wallingford spoke without excitement, but in a stern, resolute way. By this time, Dewey was on his feet again. The sight of his uncle. and the unflinching aspect of the person he had ventured to insult, had the effect to cool off his excitement many degrees.

What is the meaning of this, young men " sternly repeated Judge Bigelow, looking from me to the other.

"I have answered your question as far as I am concerned," replied Henry. Ralph! Speak! Did you offer him an in-

To this demand, the nephew replied, with no abatement of his originally offensive man-

"If he chooses to consider my words as an them back."

"What did you say?"

Dower was silent. What did he say,"-Judge Bigelow turned

with a blow?" "If he is satisfied with the answer," replied

The Judge turned again to his nephew.
"Ralph! I insist upon having this matter
explained. I know Henry too well to believe
that he would strike you, unless there had

"Perhaps he regarded it as such : I did not,"

"If he is satisfied with his chastis I could not but pity Delia Floyd. It was there is no occasion to press him farther, plain to me that she was waking up to the sad Judge," Wallingford was provoked to this by the young man's cool impertinence.

Dewey made a movement as if about to rush

upon Wallingford, but the Judge interposed his body to keep them apart. The appearance of a fourth party at this juncture, in the person of Squire Floyd, the prospective fatl rially the aspect of affairs.

"Good-morning, Squire," said Wallingford, with a quickly assumed cheerfulness of manner, smiling in his usual grave way.

Both the Judge and his nephew saw reason to imitate the example of Wallingford, and thus throw up a blind before the eyes of Squire wrong as he came in, but was afterwards in

clined to doubt the evidence of his senses. Wallingford retired in a few moment When he came back to the office an hour afterwards, he found a note of apology on his table, accompanied by a request that so unpleasant an incident as the one which had just occurred, might be suffered to pass into oblivion. No acknowledgement of this communication was made by the young lawyer. He felt the strongest kind of repugnance towards Dewey, and could not gain his own consent to have any intercourse with him. His position, as an associate with Judge Bigelow, occasion ally brought him in contact with the nephew. who recognized him always in a respectfu But Wallingford held him ever coldly at a distance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## think Henry understands himself. Still THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, SATURBAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

#### TERMS. Ac.

The Terms of THE POST are \$2 a year, if paid dvance. \$3, if not paid in advance. [[]] The FIRST RAB'S subscription must always be paid in ADVANCE, or \$5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:

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intes postage.
ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent

REJECTED COMUNICATIONS .- We cannot un lertake to return rejected communications. If the arti-

## THE AMERICAN POLICY.

wicked story coined probably by a Paris editor, who represented that Mr. Ward, the Ame-"Jest or earnest, your familiarity is out of rican Minister to China, had been carried to of Robert Fulton is an inmate of a poor-house place with me," retorted Wallingford, with a Pekin in a box,—marked "right side up with in Monroe county, Pennsylvania, Mr. M. H. care," it is to be hoped.

Later news would lead us to believe, that the box was simply a sedan chair-a conveyance very frequently used in the East-and that Mr. Ward has been treated with all due considera-

If a few polite words in the case of the American Minister, have been more effective than other time, he might have borne it with a all the menaces of France and England, it manly self-possession. But only an hour be- would be nothing unusual in the history of fore he had met Miss Floyd in the street, and this world. Men and Nations are always the look she then gave him had stirred his taking the most difficult means to attain their taking the most difficult means to attain their ends. Probably if France had offered Austria just one-half of what she has spent in the last war, Austria would have given up without compulsion all that the Treaty of Villa Franca promises as the result of force. Besides, there doubt that a sister of Robert Fulton—known to be such—would be properly cared for in any to be such—would be properly cared for in the best families. heart, and left a tinge of shadowy regret on ends. Probably if France had offered Austria , and struck at him with a savage energy; Half of the treasure would have been saved. and all of the lives; and no bad feelings been

If the allied nations of France and England have to go to war with China to secure their trade, the cost of the war probably will more than equal the profits of that trade for fifty

as now reported, and the object of his mission attained, we trust it will have a tendency to convince the courts of Europe, that in dealing with all half civilized and barbarous peoples, a smile will generally go further than a frown. Especially in cases where favors are to be asked, which the uncivilized have a clear right know that he has a moral and political right to refuse to trade-and any attempt to force men to do that which they have a clear right drawings of ladies and childrens' dresses and to refuse to do, can hardly fail to make them at heart your enemies. As a proof, therefore, of the wisdom of the just and amicable course pursued by our Government in these Chinese difficulties, we welcome the recent news. And we trust it may have an effect to inaugurate justice and courtesy to the heathen and other weaker nations, as the true American, as well as the only Christian policy.

Growy to Schiller.-The Germans of this There was an imperative force in the Judge's city contemplate a three days' festival to comemorate the 10th of November, the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the gifted and heroic poet, Schiller. On the evening of the 4 Co., Boston. 9th, there will be a terchlight procession, a When the procession reaches the Academy of New York.

entered, that of obliterating from his heart all the latter, "The one can ned where it is. If traces of her image.

After this interview, they did not draw together again during the evening. Della tried to be gay and indifferent; but he noted him.

"Ralpht, I insist upon having this matter will be fired.

"Ralpht, I insist upon having the matter will be fired.

The chief fectivities will take place on the page on the control of the place of the place on the control of the place on the control of the place of the pla

The chief festivities will take place on the evering of the 10th, in the Academy of Music. The Germania Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sentz, has been engaged for this coos ion, and nine different association (Gesangversine) and a number of sole singer will be present, the orchestra numbering forty performers, the entire chorus over two hundred ngers. An eration in German, by Gustavus Remak, and one in English, by Rev. W. H. Furness, will also be given. The reading of

poem, written for the occasion by Ferdin

mil, is to be followed by the unveilin

of the statue of Schiller. On the third day, the 11th of November, the celebration will be concluded with the repre-centation of one of Schiller's dramas, at the Stadt Theatre. The whole affair will manifes the veneration of all of German blood, for the genius and nobility of Schiller, and no doubt will be participated in by thousands from the

#### A SLANDER REPUTED.

adjoining country.

literary circles of the United States, that the original from which Mr. Dickens drew his celebrated character of Harold Skimpole, wa no less a person than the well-known linglish author, Leigh Hunt. This has been repeatedly denied, but being as often re-asserted, probably it is still the general belief. A late writer in "lientley's Miscellafty," however, gives an emphatic, and what would seem to be authoritative denial to this story in the following words :-

"It is generally thought that the character of Skimpole, in 'Bleak House,' was intended for the portrait of Leigh Hunt, and the world drew its inference accordingly—to the disadvantage of the supposed original; but it is only an act of justice to Mr. Dickens to state that, when the calumny reached his ears, he immediately called upon his old friend to say how grieved he was that such an unfounded report should have got abroad, and expressed his anxiety to do anything that might be suggested to contradict, and, if possible, to neutralize it. There is some-"It is generally thought that the character (Skimpole, in 'Bleak House,' was intended anything that might be suggested to contradict, and, if possible, to neutralize it. There is something truly shocking in the cruel injustice of representing this brave old man not only as a mere selfish Sybarite, but as one devoid altogether of honor and integrity. Look at the right side of the tapestry! Self-denying and hard-working—generous, though with scanty means—ever ready to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others, and with personal wants that were satisfied with the simplest expenditure, for sixty years his pen was never idle, he continued to write till within a few days of his death, and we have it from one who stood at his bedside when he died, that, not many weeks before the sad event, feeble and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for weeks before the sad event, feeble and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. We know also how his latest hours were employed. As the last verses that Shelley ever wrote were a Welcome of his friend to Italy, so the last writings of Leigh Hunt, a few days before his death, were a defence of Shelley against the calumnious attack in a Life of the Poet by a pretended friend. It is a consolatory reflection to those who mourn the death of Leigh Hunt that he not only outlived most of the early enmitties which his courage and love of truth provoked, but that those who had been his foes were, in many instance, converted into

It seems to us a pity that Mr. Dickens, in stead of offering to contradict the report, had not at once contradicted it, over his own signa-An emphatic line or two from him would have arrested the calumny at once .-But the Lie in this case has gone, not only a thousand miles, but around the world, while

Not a TRUE BILL.—To the paragraph going the rounds of the papers, stating that a sister Decker, of Stroudsburg, replies as follows :-

There is a mistake in the printer somewhere There is a mistake in the printer somewhere. We have no "poor-house" in Monree county, consequently we have no superintendent of such an institution. Our postmaster handed the letter to me, and requested me to answer it. I recollect reading the same intelligence in some paper a few days ago, and I think it was in Monroe county, Fignia—the printer may have taken "Ya." for "Pu." There is no person by the name of Furon in our county, and I assure you that if there were (within the limits of our county) a sister to the immortal Fulon, she never would become an immate of a poorhouse! She would be taken into one of our best families, and treated as a sister.

doubt that a sister of Robert Fulton—and to be such—would be properly cared for in any to be such—would be properly cared for in any to be such—would be properly cared for in any and Charles B. Harung, the Commonweaus and Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts, and Charles B. Harung, the Commonweaus and Charles B. Harung, the Charles B. Harung, the Charles B. Robert Fulton belongs not alone to any State, but to the whole broad Union.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

A neat little volume gives us BABY MAY AND OTHER POEMS ON INPANTS, by the English poet, W. C. BENNETT. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) We have in past time published several of these exquisite baby-songs, in which all fathers and mothers find echoes of their own hearts' fondest fancies and feelings.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November, is out, with the names of Ticknor & Fields on its

cover as the new publishers. In the magazine way, ARTHUR'S LADIES' to refuse, is the courteous policy the true one. A man must be a great barbarian not to The November number, now before us, has a steel engraving, a fine colored fashion plate, six or eight pages of needle-work patterns and decorations; besides tales, poems, essays, anecdotes; hints on health; receipts for housekeeping; directions for toilet work of various kinds, and other matter of interest and value to families. This, too, is a cheap magazine, as the advertisement of terms in another column will show.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

ELEMENTS OF MILITARY ART AND SCIENCE.
By H. WAGER HALLECK, A. M. D. Appleton &

GERWAINE. By EDNOND ABOUT. Translated had form from the French by MARY L. BOOTH. J. E. Tilton

thing the Germans of all nations understand. Girls. By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL. Charles Scribner,

ZES Quo STONE MARRION. By CHARLES J. PRYERROS. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila. EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BU-IFRES. By PRANE CROSST. John E. Potter.

SERMONS BY THE REY. C. H. SPURGEON. Sixth on & Co., New York. BLACKWOOD'S MASSARIES. October. Leenard

## THE HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY.

THE TRUST BROWN REPURSE TO SET UP THE TRUST BROWN THE TRUST TIMONY-WITHDRAWAL OF MIN COUNSEL AC.

The preliminary examination of the prise-ers on the 25th, resulted in their being held conducted from

to trail. In prisoners were conducted from the jail under a guard of eighty armed men. A guard was also stationed around the Court House, and bayonets are betstling on all sides. The prosecution is conducted by Charles B. Harding, Keq., Attorney for the County, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Esq.

The Court inquired if the prisoners had counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

Virginians: I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial, and under no circumstances whatever will I be able to attend to a trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without the mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners, and I am unterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory decent's serve me. My health is insufficient, althouse, inversely utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory doesn't serve me. My health is insufficient, estable in serve me. My health is insufficient, although inproving.—There are mitigating circumstances, if a fair trial is to be allowed us, that I would urge in our favor, but if we are to be forced, with the more form of a trial, to execution, you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult; nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what the design of this examination is. I do not know what the design of this examination is. I do not know what I be not foolishly insulted, as the cowardly and barbarous insult those who fall into their power.

into their power.

The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

After considerable discussion, in which the prisoners were assured they were to have a fair trial, they consented to accept the above counsel. Brown's object in refusing counsel was, that if he had counsel, he would not be allowed to speak himself, and Southern counsel would not be willing to express his views. He finally accepted the counsel, however.

ever.

The TRIAL.—Charlestown, Oct. 26.—The Circuit Court met at 10 o'clock this morning, Judge Parker on the bench.

The Grand Jury was called, and after answering to their names retired to resum the example of the court of t amination of the witnesses, when the Court took a recess while awaiting the return of the

Frand Jury.

Mr. Johnson, U. S. Marshal from Cleveland,

Grand Jury.

Mr. Johnson, U. S. Marshal from Cleveland, Ohio, arrived this morning, and on visiting the prisoners, identified Copeland as a fugitive of justice from Ohio. His object is supposed to be to ferret out testimony implicating other parties.

The excitement here continues unabated, and the town is crowded with people from the surrounding country. The event is universally regarded as proving the faithfulness of the slaves, and no fears are entertained of them, but the military guard is kept up from the fear of an attempted rescue of the prisoners. Much consternation is created among the slaves by a fear of being seized like those of Col. Washington, and they firmly believe that the object of the prisoners was to carry them to the South and sell them. Not a single slave has as yet been implicated as even sympathizing with the insurrectionists. Those carried off were all recaptured and returned to their masters.

An armed guard is still patrolling around the jail, and cannon are posted in front.

Capt. Brown has consented to allow Messrs. Faulkner and Botts to act as his counsel, they assuring him that they will defend him faithfully, and give him the advantage of every privilege that the law will allow.

Stevens declares that he does not desire to be defended by Northern counsel, preferring Southern, and that the Court should name them.

There is a decided sympathy for Stevens, not

them.

There is a decided sympathy for Stevens, not have been been sent to be a sen only on account of his sufferings, but because he has shown none of that vindictiveness and hardihood that characterizes Brown, and his hardinood that characterizes Brown course is regarded as having resu folly. The examination yesterday that other prisoners have lost their in Brown, and are not disposed to for

and Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts, Reqs., appeared as counsel for the prisoners. A true bill found against each prisoner was read. They contain three counts: First, for conspiring with negroes to produce an insurrection; second, for treason to the Commonwealth; and third, for murder.

The prisoners were brought into Court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the street and entered the Court House without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people.

Brown looked better, his eyes being not so much swollen. Stevens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the Court-room, evidently unable to sit. He has the appearance almost of a dying man, breathing with difficulty and panting for breath.

the appearance almost of a dying man, breathing with difficulty and panting for breath.

Before reading the arraignment, Mr. Hunter called the attention of the Court to the necessary.

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Refore reading the arrangement, arr. Hunter called the attention of the Court to the necessity of appointing additional counsel for the prisoners. Mr. Faulkner, appointed by the County Court, considering his duty as having ended, had left here. The prisoners had therefore no other counsel in Court than Mr. Botts. If the Court was about to assign them other counsel, it might be proper to do so now.

The Court stated that it would assign them any members of the bar they might select. After consulting Brown, Mr. Botts said that the prisoner retained him, and desired to have Mr. Green to assist him. Request granted.

Brown rose and requested to have a delay of a few days, in consequence of his weakness, defect of hearing, &c., originating from his wounds. After a discussion, in which the request was ably seconded by Brown's lawyer, and as ably opposed by the prosecution, the Judge refused to delay the trial.

The whole afternoon was taken up in obtainments.

The whole afternoon was taken up in obtaining a jury. The Court excluded those who were present at Harper's Forry, and also those who had formed or expressed any opinion that from the French by Mart L. Boots. J. E. Tillon
& Co., Boston.

Editor the Backwoods Girl. A Story for
Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Turmill. Charles Scribner,
New York.

der By ork. SDELLS.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, NOVEMBER 5, 1953.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT PARM," "THE ROCK," Ac., &c.

A gray stone building, not large, and very ny. It was called the keep, er of Pos its walls were overgrown with moss, like abby. A gentle slope of green gran-aded from it, then came a long level dell and then, on another gentle slope, rose the abbey. On this side, the abbey had no entrance; you must travel round to the front,

ing on the dry and warm grass before the sunny September day, was the lovely lady of Pommeroy; she had thrown hersel there in sport, as the young like to do; and, ing the great before her, was a woman hearing an infant of some two months old. It was however, the heir, who had been so anxiously expected, and for whom great rejoieinge had been planned, for the anticipa heir had turned out to be a pretty little girl. The lord of Pommeroy did not appear to care much for the disappointment; plenty of time yet, he observed to those who would have condoled with him; and he had decreed that the festivities should be held just the same. So morrow the abbey would be filled with guests and the lord of Pommeroy had taken advantage of his last day of leisure, for a fortnight, to ride to a neighboring town, and his lady sat, and uninhabited keep.
"Bridget, is the haby sleeping?"

"Just going off, madam."
"Then take her in-doors."

The woman moved towards the abbey with her charge. Niece to the late housekeeper, ng in the abbey as assistant to the present, she had been promoted to the office of nurse to the child, simply because Mrs. Pommeroy had become fascinated with her tales and her legends of the dead and gone Pommo roys, belonging to the ages as dead-and-gor as they were. Whilst she lay ill, Bridget, replaced her attendant, would recount to her marvellous legends of the Pom meroys' grandeur and chivalry, varied with whispers of the Pommeroya' less laudatory ex ploits. Mrs. Pommerov took quite a liking for the woman, and she assigned to her the place of nurse to the child : herself being its nurse in one sense of the word. It was not an unwise choice, for Bridget was steady, attentive and not young.

Mrs. Pommeroy sat on, after Bridget had turned away, her parasol held over her right arm; that is, between her face and the sun. It was pleasant to recline there at her case, es joying the balm of the warm and tranquil air, and she fell into a train of thought, from which she was aroused by the sound of foot steps behind her, hastening down the slope of the keep. She turned her head, and-

ras it that dassied her eyes, as if the glaring sun had suddenly flashed upon them ; was it that dazzled her mind to bewil derment? She rose up, little conscious what she did; her cheek flushed and paled, paled and flushed, her hands trembled, her heart grew sick and dizzy. Whose form was it, that aused all this emotion

It was that of a poble-looking man of the remarkable height, the well-turned limbs, the fine shape of her own husband; it was, in short, that of the brother of the lord of Pemmercy. But one year's difference between them in age, their figures, their hair, their eyes as much alike as could well be; at a dis tance the one might have been mistaken for the other. But on a nearer view—then you saw the contrast; the lord of Pommeroy' stern expression, and his hare-lip, and the exceeding beauty of the countenance of his brother Rupert.

Rupert started as she rose and turned her face towards him; he had not given a thought to who it might be, sitting there. She looked at him, not speaking, but she could not conceal the agitation which had taken possession of her whole frame, and he halted and stood before her. Alas! though she had recolutely thrust Rupert Pommeroy from her mind, and se believed she had thrust him from her heart, this sudden meeting served to show that the love had been only smouldering. She covered her face's agitation with a look of scorn, for she had cause to believe that he had wilfully played her false. Not less scornful, however, was the tone of Rupert.

"I hope I see well the lady of Pomm Again they stood gazing at each other, neither speaking. Mrs. Pommeroy remembered her position as the wife of his brother his chief, and she struggled to maintain it as she ought.

"I believe I speak to Rupert Pommeroy "

she coldly said. 'Am I so changed that you need ask !" was his retort. "I should have thought, by the circumstances attending our last meeting, that rou would only too well have remembered me. Have you forgotten that last meeting !" Rupert Pommeroy placed his hand on Mrs.

was thunderstruck at his audacity. "Do you know who I am !"

To my cost I do know it. Guy's wife. But in that last meeting you swore to be mine. Alice," he continued, his voice trembling. trusted you from my very soul."

She could not comprehend; she advanced a step nearer to him Are you aiming to deceive me again new,

as you did then? To what end? You and I have nothing in common, from henceforth, but hatred and see

He looked at her steadily, mockery in his eye and on his lip.

She was excessively agitated; she could not retand his looks; instead of staking to the earth with shame for the treachery he had played her, he appeared to throw the blame thing to a Pommeroy's face; or to mine

"You are my husband's brother" she re d, "and I will say to you what I would not stoop to say, were I any other man's wife ne in secret to my mother's home to win my love; how dared you so come, dastarding that your love was mine ?" Dastardly !" retorted Rupert, his eye

"I did not want them. You know I did

"You married them, at any rate," he slightingly returned. "And you made pretty good

This show of recrimination will not serve resumed Mrs. Pommercy. "Once more you, and if you have a grain of honor on will answer-why you came, dastardly do iving me with your false vows."

"If you had sught about you as true as they ere, you would do, lady of Pommeroy. Whatever other ill I may have done, I loved you faithfully; as I have never loved and never

"You may spare yourself the avowal, Ru per#Pommeroy; to what end, I ask, lie about now? I knew who it was you did love; whom you were loving and visiting, while you cretended to love and visit me. But I am ashamed of myself for thus alluding to any thing so disgraceful.

"As you have alluded to it, you had better explain, lady of Pommeroy. I do not know what you are speaking of."

You do. I speak of that unhappy person whom you took away with you.'

Rupert looked at her. What person

"I was told all about it. I blush for myself that I should deign to allude to it again-but I wish you to know that, though you succeeded in deceiving me for a space, the enlightenment came; therefore we shall stand on equal ground

"I ask what person," he repeated; "what

"Gaunt's daughter." replied Mrs. Pomme roy, in a low tone. After a stare of surprise, Rupert burst out

laughing. Mrs. Pommeroy turned indignantly He strode after her and caught her by the

"Did you mean what you say, Mrs. Pomme

ov ! It is not possible that you suspect me of aving abducted Sybilla Gaunt?" "I do not suspect. I know you did.

ionately as his brother Guy could have spoken . "I swear to you that I never had thought of love towards Sybilla; the one for whom she left the village, she is with now." There was truth in his eye and in his ton

Mrs. Pommeroy turned ghastly pale. Will you tell me with whom she is !"

Rupert besitated. There is a reason for its not being known at Abbeyland. Will you keep it secret if I

tell you?" "She is with my brother, George Pommeror

Who put you on this wrong scent?

"Ouy! Then I shall have a score to settle "He believed it was you. The village by

lieved it. "Guy did not-whatever the village may have done. The village laid many a peccadillo on my back, being a broad one, that had no legal right there. What did I care! it made

me none the sadder. "Guy did not" dreamily repeated Mrs. Pommerov.

"Guy knew better. He knew as much as I did.

"Joan thought it," she continued. "My

mother thought it." "Very likely. I have a broad back, I say. and always have had one. Was this the rea-

son of your being false to me ?" "Yes," she answered, her pale lips quiver "Guy would come to me, pressing me to be his wife; to get rid of his importunities I onfided to him that I loved you, that I had promised to wait and be yours, and then he ridiculed my credulity, and told me you were the cause of all the ill that had happened to Sybilla Gaunt ; that she had followed you, and

was with you then." Rupert turned from her, muttering an imrecation that she ought not to hear

'And then you married him?"

And then I married him. I was mad, Rusert; I did not care what became of me. He has played us both false.

"He has played us both false," echoed Rupert, "false as his own false nature. I did go mine; we are strangers from this ho not come here, I was in debt, and afraid; and then, a month or two before I heard of your marriage, I could not come, for I was put in Guess who put me there! Guy." "Oh, Rupert! It has been a black plot of

treachery against us both." "It has; and it succeeded. He won you by

a lie ! let him look to himself."

Rupert spoke in a pointed manner, and Mrs. rey had little doubt what it was he alluded to, and she shuddered as with a sudden fear. That dread portent for the lords of Pom- to me with that wicked tale-knowing it was mercy-when one of them should win a wife false"

Pommerov's shoulder

"You love me still," he whispered. "I

"From my whole heart," she answered, for indignation was strong within her; and she had begun to hate her treacherous husband with a deadly hatred.

She quitted Rupert and walked to the albey. As she was entering its gate she met Gaunt, the gamekeeper. An uncontrollable

impulse prompted her to speak. "Do you ever expect Sybilla back again !"

"I hope so," was his reply. "But it is more than I can answer for." "You know what the village said-that she

went away with a Pommerov. "The village dared not have said such a

either," was Gaunt's stern reply. "Rupert got the blam

"Did he? He did not deserve it." "Did he not deserve it?" significantly re-

Gaunt drew himself up to his full and noble I put the question deliberately to you. Do you

"There was no blame attaching to any

fashing; "I am a Pennacray. If it was das-tardly for one brother to seek you, it was for with my daughter and with the Pennacroys. were so deceiving me, it would be bad for both the other. What, though Guy was the heir! Rupert Pommeroy was as a brother to Sybilla, of us. It has now come."

—had you wanted position and riches, why nothing else. We used to think he cared for "Let us have done with another; but, whether or not, he had no the lord, in a tone of conciliation. thought of Sybilia, or she of him."

on. "Won by a lie!" she muttered, " by a lie !!!

That same evening, Rupert Pommerov found his way into the abbey to his brother's presence. What passed, none, apart from them-selves, could precisely say, but a storm, that terrified the servants, raged within the saloon. They gathered in the ante-rooms, and in the be heard, took Rupert's part. It ended by the ord of Pommeroy's dashing open the door and ordering the servants to thrust his brother forth. They would have done it; they dared not disobey the lord when he had that to upon him, or indeed at any other time, for implicit obedience was always given to the lords of Pommeroy, but Rupert walked forth of his own accord. As he passed the spot where Mrs. ommeroy stood, he bent down and whispered a word to her, and she answered by an intelligent glance. Kxaggerated tales of the interview went forth to the village, spoken by the domestics, whose imaginations, however, had supplied the chief, for they had only heard a word here and there, and had seen nothing.

After the departure of Rupert, Mrs. Pomine roy went up-stairs to her child: it was walling a low wail of complaint or of pain. Mrs. Pom meroy took it, but it would not be soothed there was still the same low wail; not a cry.

"I cannot think what's the matter with her," exclaimed Bridget. "She has never cried like this: when she does cry, it is like all other children, loud enough for the whole abbey to

hear, but not this strange pining wail."
No; Mrs. Pommeroy might try her best; th nfant would not be tranquillised. Was it wailing for the distress that was coming on its

When Mrs. Pommerov gave back the child. the went to her own room and rang for her naid. "Which bed-chambers have been propared for the guests to morrow 'All that were available, I think," was the

Is the small room at the side of the corri

dor, next to the blue room, ready ?" "Yes, madam, I know it is, for I helped to arry in the linen to the different rooms, and

"Carry my things there," said Mrs. Pomm

The servant doubted in what sense to take the words.

"Remove all my things to that room, I say." repeated Mrs. Pommeroy. "Now. Call son ne to help you. It will be mine from hence

forth, instead of this." The girl stood with open mouth. "And th

lord's things also " she asked, in puzzled "Mine I said " was the curt retort of Mr.

ommeroy. She went outside, and stood at one of th windows, apparently gazing into the courtyard. In reality she was gazing within her, at her own outraged heart. Her hands wer clasped together until the nails pressed into the skin; but what cared she then for bodil; pain? In a little while she continued her wato the saloon where she had left her husband. It was a gorgeously fitted up apartment, all gilding and beauty, a contrast to the dark spi rors reflected their heavy countenances, but Mrs. Pommeroy had made a compact with herself, that she would be cool and contemptuous

rather than ficrce. The lord of Pommeroy was sitting in a costly chair, calm, save that his eye was evil. His wife went up and stood in front of him; she placed her hands before her, one over the other like a school-girl repeating a lesson to he governess, and began in a measured tone, stea

dily looking at him. Why did you bring this misery upon us? His gray eye flashed. "I have brought no misery. You will bring it upon yourself, if you behave as you did to-night."

"You have brought a misery upon us that will never end but with our lives. It neve

shall end. "Speak for yourself," rejoined the lord

"I do: but I also speak for you, lord of Pommeroy. You shall go your way, and I will our."

"Perhaps you would like to go your way with Rupert," sneered the lord; speaking, though, in the plenitude of his security that such a catastrophe could no more take place than that the stars could shine at noonday.

"No," she replied, catching up her breath with a gasp, and her face turning to crimson, His lips parted, as if to laugh : but he closed

them again "Why did you do so! Why did you co

"I had two motives," he coolly replied. "One was, that I loved you; I was dying for you; the other was, that I would save you from him. Had you been suffered to marry him, he would have toyed with your heart for

a month, and then broken it." "I was dying for Rupert," she returned, in a low tone, whose passion was kept down, while the large tear-drops of regret filled her eves. "Far rather would I have been his for a month, though my heart had then broken, than yours to eternity.

He suppressed an imprecation

You shall not repeat such language to me. "You have heard it before," was the agitated reply. "I told you, in the very hour that you came forth to win me with your falsehood, that I loved your brother with an allenduring love; I told you I should never love you. You have not forgotten."

No. that he had not. Often enough had he writhed at the remembrance of the words.

"On the eve of our marriage-it must have been a good spirit sent the doubt to methought came that you were deceiving me, and remember your answer? I prayed you to tell mind has been previously observed, and in the

"Done with it?" she repeated. "Yes, pre Mrs. Pommeroy's cheeks flushed, for she sently, when I have finished; but its effects knew he alluded to herself, and she walked will never be done with. Guy Pommeroy, I sently, when I have finished; but its effects won will no longer be your wife; never again;

never, hever

"Yes, you will." Never again," she murmured; "I would not do se wickedly; for my whole love is Rupert's. I thought it was conquered; I did, inbut the sight of him has shown me my mistake. The fact is, since I have been your wife, I have been suppressing his image, keeping it under; I would not suffer it to rise, I would not dwell upon it. Henceforward I shall cherish it and live upon it; so you see how impossible it is that I can stay here to be your Guy's lips were turning livid.

"You may get a separation; a divorce; anything you please; the sooner the better. And then you may bring home another to be lady He seized her savately by the arms

"You cannot best me." she said. hivalrons lords of Pommerov do not beat wo-

You will tempt me to it, if you thus drive ne to desperation," returned the lord. "Hold your peace

When I have said what I wish to say. At present, until these people have come and gone, there shall be an appearance of amity be tween us : after that, I shall consider what to do; probably go home to my mother. But while these gossiping crowds are here, let us play a part : all smiling snavity before them ;

"You pretty little schemer," he laughed. The lords of Pommeroy don't resign their wives thus easily, although you seem so willing to resign your baby.

She looked up with a startled glance. "I should take my haby with me."

'Oh, dear, no," replied the lord of Pomin "If you leave my home upon a whim von do not take my child."

The law would give it me."

" Alice, it would not." And the lord was right.

"Do you know," she whispered, struggling to maintain her calm tone, "that I hate you ith a double hatred? You have brought wo upon me forever. I feel as a caged bird, barred in from love and from life; barred by you. I hated you, Guy, before we married. I hate von far worse now. "You are bold, my lady."

"But for my own good name, and that the hild may grow up to call me mother, I would have quitted your roof this night with Rupert. There was a demon tempting me-had it been nly to take my revenge on you."

"If you do not cease, I will have you chair d up as a mad woman," foamed Guy.

"I have nearly said my say. To-morrow efore my guests, you will find me all smile and polite speeches again. My things are be ng removed to the small room in the north ring, and that will be mine as long as I re

He leaned towards her, hissing, rather than

"If you attempt to leave your own apart ents, I will bar you up in them-and come and attend you as your keeper. You are mad.

"You won me by a lie," she returned, greatly agitated : "and, now that I know it, I am not bound to obey you. If a thief should steal a sovereign, though he may get it into his ssion, it is not legally or morally his. Did you forget the prediction !- the woe it The lord lifted scornfully his deformed lip

'Prediction ! Threatened woe! Tush ! unless you choose to mar the peace of the house and bring it. You will order your things back again, Alice; I must keep an eye

"I will not." she steadily answered. "If ou attempt to force me to it, I will go this night to my mother. Pretty scandal for the rive to-morrow and find his lady flown.

Alice called him right-the lord of Pomme ov ; he was both lord and master. She went Guy followed and closed the door. Bridget, us; she takes his part in everything, and he who was near, was startled by the sounds that came from the room; recriminating words my time will come. from both, though she could not hear their purport, which rose into shricks of rage from e lord, awful to listen to, and sobs and wails from her mistress. Sudden silence supervened. Bridget was terrified, and she went to the door I may be far away the next day."

with an excuse, and knocked at it. It was opened instantly by the lord; he appeared to have been standing against it, and her mistress sat near the table. Bridget could not see her face distinctly, for the room was only lighted by the large lamp which hung outside in the court-yard.

"Did you call me, madam !" she hastened to say "I thought you might want the baby but she's asleep now.

"No one called," replied the lord of Pomme rov. "Bridget."

"Some orders of your mistress's have been misapprehended-her things have been carried small room in the north corridor. Bring to the

them back."

The things were carried back. Mrs. Po peroy did not gainsay it; and the servants whispered-Oppose the iron will of Guy Pomneroy? his wife need not have thought it

When rest and silence fell upon the abber. here appeared to be rest and silence in the lady's chamber, but had one been curious enough to listen, they might have heard the mous step of the lord, pacing it through the better part of the night.

It is an act of madness to pour spirits on a raging fire : little less so to control by angry force the flerce will of an indignant woman That Mrs. Pommeroy had not a well-regulated whether you were; I pointed out that sad storm of outraged feeling, of love for Ru- Pommeroy.

pert, and of anger towards Guy, the steps ta-ken by her husband were not judicious ones. Par better that he had let her indignation spend itself for a short while, a few days, and then have tried conciliation. It might have man, look you, talk as she may, will think twice before she actually goes the length of

quitting her husband's hor A fortnight, the space of time mentioned as the stay of the abbey's guests, was drawing to a close. Who so gay as Mrs. Por who so calm and equable as the lord? she was always gay in appearance—but with in? Within raged anger, passion, and solfinto the habit of meeting Rupert Pommeroy and the habit, considering his reckless charater, and the temper she was at present indul ging, was not altogether a safe one. The lord entertained his guests rip

ad his guests right regally as a Pommeroy loved to do. Excursions of pleasure abroad, evening feasting and festiviout-of-door field sports. It was on one of these latter occasions, when he and the other gentle men were absent from the abbey, that Mrs. Pommerovi walked out of it unaccompanied She was in no mood for society, and leaving her visitors to occupy themselves as they bes might, she stole forth alone. Not with the in ention of meeting Rupert Pommeroy; certain ly not; for this was before she allowed hersel et him, and, for aught she knew, Ruper might have left the place. But, close to the keep, on the very spot where she had encountered him before, there she came upon him. It was only two days subsequent to the scene a ey between herself and her husband and Mrs. Pommerov, most imprudently and in excusably, gave Rupert the full version of Whilst they were in close conversation, pacing round and round the keep, they lifted their heads and saw a party of sportsmen at a gree

distance "Oh, Rupert, Guy is with them!" she suddenly exclaimed. "It will make his rage worse to see me talking to you.

Without a word, Rupert touched one of he hands and drew her to a small low door in the wall at the back of the building ; it flew open, and admitted them to the inside

"You are safe here until they have passed, he whispered. "But how did you get the door open ?" she wondered. "I always understood that could

not be opened from the outside " " Neither can it be, except by me and the lord. Yea; Jerome knows the secret; I forgot him. There is an invisible spring."

"The lord!" she uttered, in breathless agi tation. "Suppose he should take it in his head to enter now !" Rupert smiled, and drew a strong iron bar

across the door and secured it. "Not a dozen lords combined could enter now." "Suppose he were to come in by the front

fear suggested again. "My dear Alice, what should bring him with the key of the keep? I don't suppose it has been taken from Jerome's key-closet for years." But Mrs. Pommeroy held her breath and trembled; conscience and fear were making

coward of her. And serve her right : she had no business to conceal herself. That was the first false step. She took another within the next five minutes. She and Rupert stood, straining their ears to listen for the voices and footsters of the sports men, but the walls were thick, for the door had

admitted them to a room inside the keep, not to any court or yard without it. "They must have passed by this time," said Rupert, at length; "I will go up and see. Would you like to look over the old keep,

Alica ? "Oh dear no," she hastily replied. "I am only anxious to get out of it; I tremble lest

any untoward miracle should bring Guy in." Rupert laughed; and ascending some stairs nade his way to the front of the building, and peeped out at one of the quaint loopholes of dows. "They are right down in the dell, half way to the abbey, Alice," he said, return-

'All is safe.' "Oh, thank goodness! Open the door for Nay, you may finish what you were telling

me here, as well as outside." "I dare not, Rupert," she said. I am shaking. I shall make haste to the abbey, ere he can find that I am out. It is his turn. up stairs to the room that had been hers, and just while these people and mamma are with nearly frightened me to death that night; but

Rupert undid the door and they passed out-

he closing it again. "We cannot part for good like this Alice Meet me here to-morrow and finish your tale :

"Ob. Rupert, I am afraid."

"If you mean afraid of me, you are foolish than I could have thought you. Alice you were not afraid to meet me once, and did I ever harm you! If you mean afraid of Guy, he cannot see you, inside here. I will have the door open at this hour, waiting for you.'

"I have no one in the world to tell my anger and grief to but you, Rupert," she answered, "and if I sannot tell them to somebody, they will burst my heart, so I will come." False step the second : and a very false

It brought on more, for the meeting of the second day was repeated on the third and the fourth, and, in short, every day; by hook or by crook, and timing the visits, now morning, now afternoon, nov evening, so as to diver attention from it, did Mrs. Pommeroy go forth to meet her husband's brother. Rupert gene rally perched himself upon a high stone ledge projecting from the wall, and Mrs. Pomr at on a low stool, creachy with age, and ther they talked away, and abused the lord to their but it was all highly wrong and foolish, and she ought to have observed better manners. Meanwhile Rupert made no secret of his stay in Abbeyland, or that he wa

sojourning at Gaunt the gamekeeper's. The end came; in more senses than one. A Mrs. Pommeroy was leaving the abbey gates, to proceed, as usual, on her stolen interview Bridget and the haby met her.

"I ordered you to take the child for a walk through the village," imperiously began Mrs.

"I am going, madam, but I have just met"
—she dropped her voice—"Mr. Rupert, and
he told me to make haste back and give this hit of paper into your own hands."

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It was a leaf, apparently with string-book, and tied round securely with string-book, and tied round securely with string-

a few words in pencil. will be in the haunted room at eight e'clock to-night; come there for a minute, and I will explain. I will leave the door ope

Mrs. Pommeroy tore, it into little bits and cattered them to the winds, as she returned to the abbey.

"Be in the haunted room to-night?" she soliloquised; "he must be out of his senses to say it. He could not pass through the abber to get there, without being seen, and he would never dare it. What can he mean? It must be some mistake. And the keep no longer safe! Has Guy-"

Pright drowned her words and stopped h thoughts. But she did not go to the haunted room. And the following day, Bridget, in coming in with the baby, brought her another hit of paper.

"Why did you not come? I waited for you in the haunted room for three hours. I as you come to your window and look out, but I did not dare to make a signal, and the case ment, where I stood, was in the shade. I shall be there again to-night; come for an instant for I leave for good to-morrow

Mrs. Pommeroy thought magic must be a work. It was not possible that Rupert could have passed through the Abbey and got Jerome's keys without being seen. She suppe ed he had talked over Jerome, and bribed the servants-and that was dangerous. Far me dangerous was her going-which she did do. Pull of sinful dissimulation-for diss tion, in such a cause, is nothing less than six -she pretended indisposition, and remained in her chamber, leaving her mother and her husband to do the honors of the dinner-table

to their guests. Trembling and shaking, not so much at what she was doing as at the thought of penetrating by dark-or rather by moonlight, for the moon shone full and bright—to the haunt-ed room, Mrs. Pommeroy stole through the passages and up the stairs of the north tower. Whether she would have had courage to go through the rooms alone remains unsolved for there, at the top of the stairs, stood Ru-

pert.
"Where's Guy!" he whispered. "At dinner. I sent word I was ill and could

not go down. He will think I am sulky.' Rupert descended to lock the door, and make all secure; but as they went on, she shook so

that he was obliged to hold her. "Rupert, this is what I ought not to do. I will never venture here again; and I would not have come now, but that I am so uneasy about the keep. What did you mean ?"

"There will be no occasion to venture here gain; I go, as I told you, to-morrow. The moonlight shone into the haunted chamer, revealing its ghastliness. It shone on the mysterious picture, and on the defasure right up it, caused by the burn, when Mrs. Pomme roy had accidentally held the candle too close. Whether the canvas was damp, or whether it was, in a degree, fire-proof, whether the spirit of the nun was present to protect her own image and property, was uncertain; but all the burn had done was to smoulder away into smoke, leaving an ugly black stream stretching upwards, close to, but not touching

either the face or the prediction. The latter was in Mrs. Pommeroy's mind as she stood there, in the moonlight, every line, every word; they were ringing in her ears

with an ominous sound. When the heir of Pommeroy goes forth a wife to

win,
And the heir of Pommeroy goes forth in vain; When the lord of Pommeroy by a lie doth gain,

Then woe to the Pommerovs, twain and twain Ominous indeed; more ominous than they had ever sounded before. She heaved a deep sigh, and turned. Ru-

pert was standing against the wall, gazing at "How ever did you manage to get here!" she exclaimed. "I am bewildered: I cannot make it out. How many of the servants saw

you pass the corridors ? "Not one, either last night or to-night. I took care." " Rut Ruport "They did not see me; and, if they had,

does, when she goes out of heated rooms at

they could not have known me. Look here."

He suddenly enveloped himself in a friar's gray cloak, throwing the capuchin-or hood, as the English call it-over his head, so as to conceal his face effectually, like a fair dame

night.

"I wore none. I got Father Andrew to lend this to me yesterday," he continued, turning himself round in the moonlight, for Mrs. Pommeroy's inspection. "He wanted to know what midnight expedition I was bent upon-Sly dogs, our priests," laughed Rupert; ow the use of the capuchin themthey kn selves. Had any of the servants from recognizing me, they would have flown away scared, thinking the nun there," point ing to the picture, "was abroad to-night." He threw off the cloak as he spoke, and

Mrs. Pommeroy went to the window and peeped out. "Caution, Alice. When the moon is bright, faces can be discerned here from the house

night, you might have seen mine." I thought it utterly impossible that you could get here; I thought you must have made some great error. How did you get the kevs !

Rupert Pommeroy stele his lips to her ear. "Filched them. Stepped aside to Jerome's closet-sanctum, and filched them." "Pilched them!" echoed Mrs. Pommeroy;

Jerome keeps it locked." "Not always; and luck favored me; it often does. I have had possession of them from last night to this."

She thought his manner strange; lighter than customary when with her. He appeared

to speak in a laughing, insincere sort of way; years and years afterwards she remembered it. "How very imprudent! If Jerome had em to-day, the whole abbey might have been roused.

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"No fear," laughed Rupert again. "Jeron would not miss them."

"Rupert!" she suddenly exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her, "Jerome has aided you to come here !"

No he has not. Not a soul has aided me, save Father Andrew, in the loan of the capu-chin; little guessed he that it was to steal a visit to the lady of Pommeroy. Jerome has aided me in another way, though; you do not ask about the keep.'

"I have been putting it off. It frightens

"We have had a spy upon us, Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the lord has foxed out anything with his own scent, or whether he has been put up to it, I can't say ; I think the latter, for if he had watched you to the keep, he would most certainly have pounced in upon you. Yesterday old Jerome made his appearance at Gaunt's; to see me. Mr. Rupert,' began he, in a whisper, though there was not a soul in the place, for Gaunt was in the grounds, and his housekeeper in the village, 'do you go in at all to the keep !" Why ?' said I. 'But do you, sir ?' 'I have been in there once or twice, Jerome. Why? I ask.' 'Ah, I was sure of it! I wish you'd be away from the village, sir; for, ever since that quarrel, the other night, between you and the lord, I have had a feeling upon me that worse would come. This morning the lord came to me: "To whom have you entrusted the key of the keep?" he asked; but I saw by his eye something was wrong. "It has not gone out of my hands since the old lord died," I answered. "You lie, Jerome," he cried; "you have lent it to Rupert Pommeroy." We had gone on to the key-closet, Mr. Rupert,' added Je rome, 'but in my flurry I looked in the wrong niche for the key, and I did not see it. The lord stood by with folded arms. "I thought you were faithful," he said; and it made my old eyes water, for faithful I am, and have ever been to the lords of Pommeroy—and not less so to you, Mr. Rupert, for you are a brother and a son. The lord saw my distress, "Som one was in there yesterday, Jerome," he said. in a kinder tone; "I tried the spring of the private door, and could not get in." " Here's the key, lord of Pommeroy," I said, showing it to him; "in my haste I looked in the wrong place; I have not given it to Mr. Ru-

Mrs. Pommeroy had grasped Rupert's arm in terror at the recital, in terror of what might have come of it, had the door not been fasten ed. The worst the lord would have seen would have been Rupert lodged on his high shelf, and Mrs. Pommeroy swaying herself on the stool, abusing him confidentially; quite enough to excite to madness the lord of Pommerov. Rupert re-assured her present fears; had they scaped the danger

"Jerome added that the lord took possession of the key, and he, fearing there might be quarrelling, or something worse, if the lord found me in the keep, came to warn me not to go to it again. Jerome little thinks who else might have been found with Mr. Rupert. So I know that the keep, as far as you went, was done for, Alice, and I wrote a word and was coming to the abbey with it when I met Bridget. I was determined to see you for a fare-well, and could think of no safe place but

"Do you really go to-morrow

"I go to-morrow. I should have gone to day had you come last night." She was weeping silently. Rupert Pomn

roy was very dear to her, and she was about to lose sight of him, perhaps forever; but she, as silently, wiped away the tears, so that he should not see them.

There is an expressive Italian proverb-I forget precisely how it runs, but the sense is that for the debtor and the stolen interview time flies on wings. On wings, most certainly, it appeared to fly for those in the haunted room. Mrs. Pommeroy may have been unconscious of its flitting—let her answer it; but when the court-yard clock rang out ten, she

was still there. With a faint cry of dismay she moved to the her eyes on the clock, but, strain them as she open, was suspected by none; but the other would, she could not make out its hands, for the dial was too far off. Rupert followed her, though little cared he what the hour might

As she turned from the window, her sight, accustomed now to the faint light of the room, distinguished a tall dark figure standing up right against the picture. Fascinated and with a terror far more ominous and real-for key-closet; and then to the north tower. Had too well did she discern the outlines of that form-she caught hold of her companion, shricking out in her agony of shame,

"Oh, Rupert! Rupert!" The lord of Pommeroy strode forward, his eye glaring, and his white features awfully livid in the moonlight. How long had he been

Hurling his wife out of reach of harm, spurning her with his foot, he drew a double-barrel-ed pistol upon his brother. The ball missed , entering the dark wainscoting; and yet the lord of Pommeroy had a sure hand in general. Kre he could fire again, Rupert closed with him, and they grappled for the weapon. Mrs. Pommeroy heard the deadly scuffle, as she sped, gasping and mouning, from the charaber, through the rooms to the top of the stairs. In her haste and terror she fell down them her head striking, but not violently, against the door; she thought she heard the noise of the second barrel, but was not sure.

Up again in a moment. She seized the key which Rupert had left in the door, but whe ther she turned it, or whether it was previously unlocked, she never knew. Probably the lord had left it unlocked; though how had he contrived to enter himself, with the door fastened on the inside, and the key in it! It was a mystery.

of the court, was ajar, and Mrs. Pommeroy beaten to death. flew out at it, sank down on the green bench, clasped its arm tightly, and hid her face on it session of the pistol, and shot his unfortunate of it to this day .- Sat. Press.

remorse and agony; and then she cast stealthy glances up to the window of the haunted

Trembling, meaning, cowering; feeling that to die would be a morey; Mrs. Pommercy sat there till the clock went the quarter-past ten. She had drawn to the door behind her, but not latched it, for her car was on the stretch— to listen for her husband's footsteps, descend-ing; at their first distant echo, she would have crept, like a worm, underneath the bench, in her guilty shame. If he saw her there, would he come out and kick her to

"Can't I go into the lady's room yet !" she heard one of the servants say, who appeared to meet another in the passage. "Getting on for eleven, and it's not put to rights yet, for the night.

"No," replied the voice of her own maid.—
"The lady said she should try and sleep her headache off, and I was not to go to her on any account, unless she rang. The door's

Mrs. Pommerov shuddered, and held the

bench convulsively.

The minutes rolled by, almost killing her with their slow protraction, and the clock himed the half-hour. In that one half-hour, she seemed to have lived the agony of a whole ifetime. Neither of them had come down; of that she was certain, for her ears were strung to a strange fineness then. She gazed up at the window, an unbroken gaze now. Wha was taking place there? Were those two men, meted in height and strength, perhaps in ferocity, struggling on with each other, until on or the other should be overcome to death! Which would conquer? But bear it she must, and did, till the clock struck eleven. A whele hour, and neither had come down! were both dead? Her heart and throat were working, her ears singing.

She could not bear it. Slow and cautiously,

a step at a time, she stole into the corrido again, to the staircase door, and put her head up and listened. There was not the slightest sound. Up still, a stair at a time, and now another, and again she stopped to listen. thing-nothing. And so on, through the rooms, to the last chamber. She paused at the door of the haunted one; little thought she of supernatural visitants now, the bodily ones were filling every crevice of her imagination. The door was not closed, only pushed to, and the same silence reigned within-a silence that was every moment becoming more awful. She would have given half her life to hear one of Guy's oaths or Rupert's sarcasms.

Dead—were they—and for her?

She pushed the door open, and then shrani back and drew up against the wall, lest the movement should have caused alarm; but neither alarm nor anything else issued forth so, pulling back the drapery, she stepped up the steps and pushed her head in. She had come out of the light yard, and her eyes could see, as yet, nothing in the room but darkness and the moon, at that moment, was under a cloud; still there was no movement, no sound, and she went into the room. She was stealing towards the window, a vague intention of standing there until she should become more accustomed to the darkness, floating through her scarcely sane brain, when she fell over something, and her hand touched-either a hand or a face; and it was cold.

Her nerves could bear no more; this was the climax. Uttering shrick upon shrick, and tearing along, as if the dead men were coming behind her, down she flew again, in all the terror of superstition. The noise penetrated to the abbey; the servants came forth, bearing lights; the guests emerged, alarmed, from the saloons-all to meet Mrs. Pommeroy in the passage, her face white, her eyes starting; the servants caught her, and she lay, convulsed

in their arms.

They crowded round her; she was in a vio lent fit of emotion and fear, attended with hysterical shricks. Speak she could not, but she shuddering!y pointed, now to the stairs of the north tower, now to the windows of the haunted room in the west one. What she could mean by indicating the north tower, no body could understand : for, that it should be movement was more readily understood, and the servants called out simultaneously.

"Go, go," she gave utterance to, at length there," pointing to the haunted room. Some one is lying dead.

That her words should be looked upon as the ravings of a haunted brain was natural error-stricken, not with ghostly terror, but nevertheless old Jerome crept away to his he discovered that his keys were missing? He came back from the staircase with a face as apprehensive as his lady's.

"Who will go with me?" he said, looking at the gentlemen and the men-servants. "If they are at warfare, one man will be powerless to part them."

All were ready to go; none comprehending what they were to go for, or what there was to do; and they went in a body up the stairs, bearing several lights. One of the gentlemen seized Jerome's arm :

What do you suspect ?" he asked. "I suspect-I suspect there may be a dispute," he slowly said.

"Between whom " "Nay, but I know nothing. Don't detain me." Jerome, as he spoke, took a light from the ands of one of the servants, walked quickly forward, and turned round at the door of the haunted room.

"I must go in first alone," said he, "I am the oldest retainer in the family, in the confidence of the lords of Pommeroy, and I demand it."

He passed in, and let fall the hangings, but in less than a minute he held them up.

"Walk in now : oh. woe! woe!" Holding their breaths, the crowd pressed in ne upon another. Woe, woe! as Jerome had A door, opening into the piazza at the side said; for there lay the lord of Pommeroy,

—like we clasp the nearest support, as if for protection, on awaking from a terrific dream. She meaned under her breath; not aloud, lest chance blows, or purposely, the face had been the house should hear; she stilled her sobs of so bruised, swellen and disfigured, that scarcely a trace of the features could be dis-

It must be remembered that those, now garing on him, had no clue to the murderer; Je rome deubtless suspected, but he kept silence. Horror-stricken and sick, when they had gazed their fill, they began to look about the room for a solution of the mystery: Who had done it?—and how? Nothing was to be seen save the ordinary and dilapidated furniture, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as by a senific.

"What's this?" exclaimed one of the guests, snatching up a dark gray cloak and arbitistics to the control of th exhibiting it to their view. "This was not the lord's. Ah, ha! this will lead to a discovery." "I know that," interrupted a servant "It is Pather Andrew's capuchin; he come in it to the abbey sometimes on a winter's night."
"Pather Andrew!" echoed the shocked and

candalized assemblage.
"I could swear to it," doggedly repeated the speaker; I know it by those two rents at the tail of the skirt. The father got it caught in a gate one windy evening, he said.

Father Andrew, a holy priest, and an unof-fending man, attack the lord! The thing was inexplicable. Jerome, who had sat down or the edge of the velvet settee, lifted his face o misery, and slightly shook his head. That the motive had nothing to do with robbery was apparent; the lord's signet ring was on his finger, and his valuable gold watch and chain had not been touched. When his pockets came to be examined afterwards, their mtents were found safe; keys, pocket-book, purse, and handkerchief with the great cres and supporters, only used by the Pommeroy—the younger sons used the more simple one. The clothes were much torn, proving how severe had been the scuffle. Bu Pather Andrew! they looked in each others amazed eyes; and where had he get to?

The last question was soon decided, for who should walk into the room but the reverend father himself; a stout man with a mer ry face, quite the opposite to all popular ne-tions of a midnight murderer. The terrified romen below had sent for him in haste. What's to do?" cried he, on the broad

"Somebody seen the ghost !" They made way for him, and threw the light

on the floor. Father Andrew's countenance changed, and he stepped back awestruck. "Who is it ?" whispered he. "How was i

"It's the lord; and he has been murdered. Do you know this ?" added the speaker, picking up the cloak.
"That's mine," said the priest.

How came it here, father !"

A light, as of horror, seemed to break upon nim. "I lent that to—to—a friend," he whis-"To whom ?"

"Rupert Pommeroy. He came to me yesterday, and borrowed it.' There was a pause of dismay, and then arose the cry : " He cannot have escaped! he must be in the rooms."

Up they rose and searched, but no Rupert

Pommeroy was there.

And though the country was scoured and tracked for several days, no Rupert Pommeroy was found, or heard of. How he had managed escape, either from the abbey or the neighborhood, was a mystery. Perhaps time would her feet for thirty years, and never will; and The ill-fated lord of Pommeroy lay in state; his unsightly face, what remained of it, covered up from view; and then he was buried with all the pomp and honors customary at the interment of the chief of the Pomme-

Verily, the prediction had, so far, been trangely worked out. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A with with one lies buried here Who died in a DECLINE ; He never rose in rank I fear, Though he was born to saink

He once was PAT, but then, indeed Grew thin as any griever He died, the doctors all agreed, Of a most auxning fever

If e'er you said. "Go out. I neav He much ill-nature showed On such occasions he would say

In this his friends do all agree, Although you think I'm joking, When corns our, 'tis said that he Was very fond of smoking

Since all religion he despised Before he ever was baptised.

THE FRENCH LADY .- At a trial in a Vermon ourt, several years ago, a French lady had been subprenged as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony. She was a stranger in the place, and "the Court" felt itself bound o address her in her native tongue. But "the Court's" education in the parlet your line had, duction of steam ought to have lessened more seen sadly neglected, and how to administer the oath in an intelligible form to the silent the perception of this advantage of the steamlady before him, was for some moments a puz- engine is spreading. Many years ago, some Jadge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they all avowed their ignorance of the language then so supposedly necessary. Finally of washing sheds and baths. In Cornwall it the counsel for the defendant, a clever Yankee, seems to be a regular practice for the minera to feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate "the Court" from its em. afternoon. Let us hope that it is a more thobarraesment. He accordingly rose and addressed rough washing than is described in the Reports the lady witness in these terms

ishment, then turning to "the Court," said in unwashed population. perfectly good English, though with a slightly Taking society all round, however, it ap-

"What does the gentleman say!"

up to the roof of that country court room, that r

# FOLLIES IN FOOD.

BY HARRIST MARTINEAU.

In the last generation, a family of five brothers and sisters were left, by the death of their widowed mother, to choose their way of life for themselves, at ages varying from fifteen to two-and-twenty. They made a wise choice, which was acquissoed in by the guardians of the younger ones. They had no marked discase,—any one of them; but they were of a strumous constitution, their physicians admit-ted;—not serofulous, but tending towards it. They resolved to devote five years to the esablishment of their health, which they considered would be a good economy of time those years could give vigor to all that folso they took an airy country-house on a gravelly soil; bought horses for the five and two grooms, and devised a side-saddle for the girls, which would enable the rider to take either side of the horse at pleasure, -a point of some importance for girls still growing, who were to spend so much time on horseback. They were in the open air whenever the weather would possibly admit of it, varying their exercises in every imaginable way. They lived on generous diet,—beef and mutten in plenty, and good ale or porter, and, by the edical advice of the day, port wine. At the end of the ave years, they were as fine a set of young people as could be seen, with trace of disease or weakness, sound in body and mind

Another family in a lower rank of life los their father when they were about the same age. They had had warning; for a brother and died of some form of scrofula, and their father, who had been far from temperate, died onsumptive; but they had no idea of health being a matter of choice or of duty in any way.

They expected "Providence" to settle all that for them; and the consequence was, that the old mother saw one after another drop from her side, after long periods of disease. not necessary to dwell on the particulars. Un happily, we have all witnessed the fate of sero fulous families, where ignorance and mis management aggravated the misery to the nt nost. It is enough to say that the young men exposed themselves to heat and draughts with out any precautions; that it never entered their heads to unload their skins (beyond their face and hands) -of the salts accumulated on the skins of working-men from day to day and that their meals were like those of their neighbors-hot cakes, swimming in butter, fo breakfast and tea; and at dinner and supper the everlasting favorite,—the "pasty;" no game ple, nor anything like it; but two thick greasy slabs of paste, with fruit clapped in be tween them; or, if fruit could not be had, fresh or preserved treacle in its place. The are districts in England where whole familie of working-men and apprentices are seen daily dining on such an abominable mess as this and rarely touching or desiring meat. It is is just such neighborhoods that there are supersti tions against washing. An infant's arms must not be washed before six months, or it would turn out a thief, and the parents "would not like that;" and the parents themselves are scandalised at the very mention of such rash ness as washing the feet. If the doctor advises patient to put her feet in hot water for cold, he is told that she has not let water tonel that she once had a daughter who ought to have been living now, but she was once advised to put her feet in hot water, and she died; not in the same year, it is true; but who can tell whether she might not have been living now if she had done like her mother Living in a state of society like this, and know ing nothing of the art of health, the predispose family drooped and died, or are lingering on in conspicuous disease.

These are indications worth attending to

while the Registrar-General's Report tells us that twenty in a hundred of the deaths in Eng land, in 1857, were from "constitutional dis ease," by far the largest proportion being from some form of scrofulous affection, and espe cially consumption. No less than 58,320 per ons died of consumption in England in 1857. But double the number died of diseases for which want of cleanliness and good diet are mainly answerable. As to personal cleanliness. we will only say one thing; -that very few persons seem to be aware, even after all that the Combes have written, what the president sequences are of the skin not being thoroughly washed and rubbed every day. It is not enough to say or suppose that people feel refreshed and invigorated by bathing; for mere bathing, - a mere plunge into the Serpentine, or the sea, or any other bath, -does not answer the purpose of thorough ablution. We ought to know the process by which disease follows a loaded skin. It is simply that the skin ought carry off several pounds a day of the waste of the body; and if it is so choked as to be anable to do this, the work is thrown upon the interior organs, which have quite enough work of their own to do. Hence come internal inflammations, disorders, and decay. The introtality from this cause more than it has: but mill owners and mining proprietors gave the benefit of the warm water of their engines to ems to be a regular practice for the miners to of the Inspector of Mines in certain coal dis "Vous jurez zat wat you here testify shall tricts, where the men, duly shaven and proper The lady looked for a moment at the manu- months' coal-dust. Inflammatory and cholefacturer of this hybrid septence in silent aston. raic diseases make prodigious havoc among an

The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went cept air. The mistakes about food are so va-

the tongue, and observed that it was just as under the sweltering summer sun, and in ring for green in January and July, and tak at. "They are all alike," said he. "Why? Why people must have more or less fever season of mackerel, herring, salmon, and while they eat as young people eat here; and without proper exercise ton." He criticised the American diet; which it is not our business to do while we have so much to correct in our own. The young people in both countries suf-fer and die in much the same way; the Ameri-cans more and the English less; but both very unnecessarily. The mistake is the same, whether the diet be the same or different.

The mortality detailed by Dr. Pare, relates, we must remember, to all classes. When we read of errors in diet, we usually think of the tables of the rich, as we imagine them, and suppose that in unions people are over fed. In the first place, this appears to be a mistake, by the testimony of physicians; and in the next, if it were true we need not dwell upon it, because the rich and luxurious must always be the smallest class of the English or any other people. It is enough to say that wise modern physicians have been heard to declare that English ladies are not, generally speaking, sufficiently well fed. They take enough in bulk, perhaps, but not nutritious and reparative food. They would be more robust and les nervous if they lived rather more as ladies did in Queen Elisabeth's time, consuming more beef and manchet and (if earned by strong exercise, not otherwise) good ale. As for the late dinners which we are all so shocked at, they had better be called suppers. If the gentle-men do not take a substantial function in the middle of the day, they ought; and the ladies do. They is fact dine with the children at one or two o'clock. The leg of mutton or cold beef then is their real dinner. They have ten at

then, if they choose to call the eight o'clock meal dinner they can; but it in fact answers to the supper of old days. A few spoonsful of all very pretty, but it bears no comparison as a dinner to the mutten and pudding at two o'clock. Many gentlemen do make their real dinner at the nominal time; and hence the great amount of disease among profes-sional men and the rich merchant class in London. Now it is the stomach that gives way, and now it is the nerves. Paralysis knocks down one, choleraic disease carries of another, and dyspepsia makes life a long misery to a third; and who can wonder, when that class of gentlemen breakfast early (if men of business in any way), and work their brains all day, without another proper meal, or perhaps any food at all, for twelve hours? The expenditure of alimentary material may be great in the kitchens of the rich—as in the making of the famous white soup in the Queen's kitchen but the higher classes are not in this country over-fed.

The next class is nearer to reason in its ostensible practice than perhaps any other in the ountry. Three meals a day, with a small interlude, and at nearly reasonable times, seem to promise well; and if one sort of citizen is better ourished than another, it is probably the ordinary man of business in town and country, who likes his joint and pudding at dinner, and the loaf of good home-made bread, with country butter and eggs at breakfast and tea. Yet there are drawbacks here. The wife is not compla-cent about her table, and her daughters do not eat as girls should; and her sons at times look critical. The fault here is, not in the theory, not in the hours, not in the tradesmen who supply the house, but in the cookery. Without incurring the reproach of grumbling at one's own age of the world, or saying that "the forner times were better than these," one may state the plain fact, that the custom of our country used to be for the housewives of all ranks to be responsible for the table at home, and to claim that responsibility as a matter of brains resist disease the best and the longest. Not the overwrought brains, be it observed, To declare this is to say that the case is other

A new saying has recently obtained a wide her away, and you will never have another; for the world outside the farm fences. two real cooks in a lifetime are more than any of the new saying. Cooks are wanted more the master or mistress of the household at mar than ever; but not good ones, because house ket. What a quantity of prime fish is bought high qualities in a rook, and are accustomed to and odds and ends of dainties! Wh England cannot cook, generally speaking; and, fruit, and mounds of butter! But, to come to moreover, they do not know what to require, particulars, here is an illustration. what to order, and how far to superintend. schools for the homely domestic arts; and how sired to see her in the waiting room. than of law, physic, or divinity? If the truth when she found two persons in great alarm, fluences which bear down the spirit and health | pected home for two hours. of care sits at the heart from the sense of the advice. The poor woman said she felt so their work people, by carrying it into a range husbands' homes comfortable, and the scene of her throat was quite unlike in shape to its complacency that the home of every good wife usual state; and she could scarcely breather After marriage it is worse. If the and had such an oppression, &c. wash in this way on leaving their work every deficiency is repaired, it is through severe hus saw immediately that it was a case of miliation on the one part, and great fortearance indigestion. She said that it was not her pracon the other; and the cases are few in which it tice to prescribe for her husband's patients, be thoroughly repaired.

be te truse, at whole truse, and nossing but ze in appearance on Sundays, are wearing their come by nature, nor even ordering a table by would pass the time till medical advice could truse, so help you mon Dicu."

The art must be learned, like behad. What she heard of the eating of that other arts, by proper instruction. ment now that every home is not such a him nearly all that had gone down the woschool. Mothers can, at least, teach their man's threat, which was, as nearly as we can pears that more young people are killed by mis-daughters to know one sort of meat from an remember, this perhaps more, certainly not takes about food than about anything else ex- other, and one joint from another, and, in a less. rougher or more thorough way, what to order There was a large fine salmon in the case its, so opposite, that, while we are ashamed in the every day way and for guests. Thus present. A friend came to pass the day, and So, Rupert had mastered! had obtained pos- the counsel for defendant has not heard the last of our ignorance, we may hope for a great save much, then, every girl should know, from the salmon was cooked for dinner, supers ing of life when we grow wiser. "Doctor," childhood upwards. A little practice of obser- a bullock's heart stuffed with onions. Then

said an American clergyman to the family physician who was attending the mother, "do inglessner to distinguish prime articles from look at that girl's tongue." "Th, father, I look at that girl's tongue." "Th, father, I inferior kinds, and to know was a look at the young lady: "as well fowl, and fruite are in season every mostle in the year. We have seen ladies buying perk under the sweltering summer sun, and froquimanner of fish pass over unused.

Everybody is glad to hear of the he

Everybody is glad to hear of the introduction of cookery into industrial schools, here and there. But much more than this is wanted; and there can be little doubt that if well-qualified cooks would open schools is Lembra and all our large towns for the instruction of hidse and housekeepers, they would meet with signal success. It is probably true that almost every little girl is fond of the household arts, and delights in cooking account. giri is fond of the household arts, and delights in cooking, especially; and it is estainly true that a multitude of young ladies, married and single, would give all they are worth to be as much at home at the head of their households as their grandmothers were. Till this new-old branch of female education is placed within reach of the whole sex, there will be sickness and mortality, as well as waste of the national resources, from the whole of society being at the mercy of its cooks—not a tenth part of whom are worthy of the honorable name. How is it in that class in which every wife is

the household cook, or at least the directrees of the kitchen? How do the affairs of the table of the kitchen? How do the affairs of the table prosper in that substantial class which includes our farmers, country shopkeepers, and superior artisans? We are sorry to say—but physicians and tradesmen will testify to the fact—that the mortality of the country is increased by the habit of over-eating which exists in thousands of households of this order. Not in all; and great honor is due to those who adopt a sensi ble diet, because it is apt to be stigmatised as meanness; but, as a general fact, the habit of over-eating destroys health and life to a gricthen is their real dinner. They have tea at vous amount in that order of citizens in which five or six, with or without the children; and a gross table is regarded as a liberal and kindly mode of living. As to the true old linglish farm-house, there is no better picture of its to the supper of old days. A few spoonsful of soup, a wing of fowl or game, a plate of jelly or given by Mr. Howitt, in (if we remember right) aream, and ice and fruit afterwards, may be his "Rural Life in England." The quantity on the table at one time, the perpetual of more, the constant succession of meals all day, and the urgent persuasions to guests to eat, and representes for not eating enough, are just like the experience of townspeople who some time in their lives were suddenly introduced into rural society. The ordinary mode of life on a Yorkshire grazing farm is abundantly surprising to persons who have doubted about taking function while eating three meals a day. Mistress and maid are stirring early to make the porridge for the household, break fast being at seven. The vast bowls of porridge and quarts of milk being dispatched, there is barely time for the chamber-work before unch has to be sent out to the fields-huge baskets of bread, oatcake and cheese, with bot tles of beer. This is from half-past nine to ten. At twelve dinner smokes on the long board-great pieces of pork, beef, or mutton or all three; or vast ples and puddings, and choose, and rice-milk, and ale; and the board the baskets go again into the field with the afternoon lunch—bread, cheese, and beer as before. At five all assemble for tea, which is porridge and milk, as at breakfast. At eight, there is supper-cold meat, hot potatoes, oat cake, and cheese. By that time the women have done cooking for the day, and, the board being cleared, they sit down to mend stock-ings, the farmer reads the newspaper at his own round table, with his own candle; and the men nudge each other to keep awake, or notforwards, or join to prick or pinch or punch any particularly sleepy sinner, till nine o'clock strikes, and they slink off to bed. However strong the exercise taken by such a household, is still subject to fever, liver complaints, diarrhosa, and rheumatism, besides that torpi-dity of brain which is in itself a preparation for disease. The strongest and most active but the most generally exercised, which keep up the highest vitality over the widest range of homest human powers. One does not look for this circulation—"That you should discharge your kind of brain among clowns who cat five or six cook for no offence short of murder." Send meals a day, and know and care nothing about

But the small shopkeepers in towns are a one has a right to expect. Why are there so very different class, from whom a higher intelfew cooks? Simply because the demand for ligence might be expected; yet they are apt to wives do not know how to set about requiring what ducks, geese, and turkeys, besides joints, put up with what they can get, or to hire on and asparagus and seacale! What vastcheeses, blind speculation. Middle-class housewives in and cream cheeses, and curds, and gallons of

A friend of ours -a surgeon's wife-was in Their mothers did not teach them, we have no formed one day about noon that a patient dehould they know any more of housewifery answered this old request by going there, were known, this is one of the depressing in- and distressed that the surgeon was not exof the maidenhood of England. Thousands of small shopkeeper was ill, and a friend had girls are painfully conscious of ignorance which come with her, in hope of obtaining immeis, and ought to be, regarded as a disgrace; diate relief. They could not explain what and, when intending to marry, a heavy weight was the matter, but would be glad of any chances against their being able to make their miserable she did not know what to do, and could recommend a simple but she What is to be done ! for cooking does not for relieving the immediate oppression, which We want, day and the preceding astonished her; but in and we must have, schools of domestic manage. the evening her husband said she had not told

us a pia and there were puddings, and other sings at dinner; but the great salmen was the ure. At tea, at five, there were be me, and sweet cake, of course and at eight there was supper, vis.; fried soi potatoes, an apple pie and custard, choose porter. At breakfast next morning the salon was proceeded with; and the pattern n-rtaken plentifully of it, and had also fortifed herself with lunch before going to the doctor. If, as we are assured, this is only a fair specind, it is no wonder that we suffer under that dreary collection of diseases that Adam saw going into hospital, by dismai anticipation, as related in Paradise Lost. If we set against these the consequences of under-feeding, we may see how far we are from wisdom. On the kient food we will not enter. ody needs convincing of the horrors of it. The whether any means can to found of saving the lives of young people who have been brought up to overload their stomachs (under the idea of fostering their strength and living generously), that there may be the more food left in the market for who now have not enough. There are few places within the United Kingdom where instruction is given in regard to the constitu tion and management of the human frame. If there were schools enough to teach the girls of middle classes the leading truths about Alet in relation to health, the next generation would be happier than the last. The well-to-do would have better health-quiet nights, easy and cheerful days, freedom from nightmare and Indigestion, a longer life and a merrier one than now: and the poor people below them would have a better chance of keeping body and soul together, and being in an amiable mood towards God and man. Can one not imagine the surplus left over by a wise generation of farmers and shopkeepers spread out in the wilderness for the poor? For it should be remembered that food of all kinds is one of the commodities which is, at each particular time, limited in quantity; so that to waste it is to deprive somebody. If this were fairly understood by those eat meat three times a day, more pursons would have it or

One practical point, which would assist the due feeding of the under-fed, need not wait for a general advance in education. To enable the poorer classes to turn food to the best account is such the same thing as putting more within their reach; and this could easily be done. It actually is done in a few places where cooking is taught on system in industrial schools, and there is no apparent reason why there should not be of cookery for poor children, as well as for young ladies in London, and for soldiers in Why should we not all learn to cook We have cookery books for the great, and also for the million; but cookery-books are of little value till there is some aptitude at the prac-Let half-a-dezen popular teachers like Sover (but who is like him!) travel through the country, each with a portable kitchen, and show all the women and girls in town and country the best way to make and cook the common preparations of food; and the benefit will be equal to a rise of wages to the laboring ret of the stem now rarely or never seen on the cottage table would be as good as another shilling a week in health and strength. It is difficult to stop ere, on the verge of a great and enticing sul ject ; but we can say only one thing now that there are literally thousands of mourning parents in England at this moment, whose in roung sons and once promising daughters are in their graves because their fathers made mis takes in providing the family food, and their did not know how to set it before them. The mind recoils from such a stateut it is true; and it ought therefore t be set down plainly. The mind also recoils from the statement that the cholera is at Dantsie and at Hamburg ; and not altogether absent from England : but it is true, and ought to be and with it the further truth that if every family in the kingdom sat down in rure air, in a state of personal cleanliness, to meals a day of good common food, well cooked and earned by fair work of body and mind, the choiers would be kept out more surely than by a wall of brass, or would fly over us like the first raven we hear of, and go back to its haunts, for want of some place whereon to alight. It will be some time before that can dropping into well-known pitfalls around the

Shipmasters say they have noticed bottled and for sale in London.

and the denisi is accompanied by the state-ment that she merely asks for the payment of the advances made by her to that power.

the advances made by her to that power.

REALYATION OF DR. FORRIC,—The Rev. John
Murray Forbes, D. D., former rector of St.
Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, has addressed a letter to Archbishop Hughes, in
which he announces his withdrawal from the
Boman Catholic Church. He does so, he says,
because experience and observation have convinced him that he has committed a grave
error, which, publicly made, should be publick repaired.

licly repaired.

Ms. Rossa L. Pavon (Dom.) has been elected to Congress from the Petersburg (Virginia) district, by 1,300 to 1,500 majority.

BROKES LINE,-Mr. Milne Edhas been making some experiments in ganimals, whose limbs had been bruken, phosphate of lime. Out of six rabbits it dogs, whose legs he broke in the same large, whose legs he broke in the same large, whose legs he broke in the same and their bones united much more y than those of the unphosphated ani-lie thinks the me in human cases be decidedly buneficial.

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORE

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAME MAPS.

While Sydney Carton and the Sheep of th soms were in the adjoining dark room ing so low that not a sound was heard, M rry looked at Jerry in considerable and mistrust. That honest tradesman's man noe; he changed the log on which he rested as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, an vere trying them all ; he examined his finger nails with a very questionable closeness of a ention; and whenever Mr. Larry's eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand b fore it, which is seldom, if over, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "Come here Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with se of his shoulders in advance of him What have you been besides a m-

After some cogitation, accompanied with a intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher con coived the luminous idea of replying, "Agriultoural character."

My mind misgives me much," said Mr Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him that you have used the respectable and great of Tellson's as a blind, and that have had an unlawful occupation of an info mous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be impose

upon."
"I hope, sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. "that a gentleman like yoursel wot I've had the honor of odd jobbing till I'm gray at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it was so I don't say it is, but even if it wes. And which it is to be took into account that if it wos, it wouldn't, even then, be all o me side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, picking up their guineas where a hones tradesman don't pick up his fardens-fardens io, nor yet his half fardens half fardens nor yet his quarter-a banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, a going in and going out to their own carriages - ah! equally like smoke, if not more so. imposing, too, on Tellson's. For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander. And here Mrs. Cruncher, or leastways wos in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, it ause given, a floppin' agen the business to that degree as is ruinating-stark ruinating Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop-catch 'em at it! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favor of more patients, and ow can you rightly have one without the t'other? Then, wot with undertakers, and wet with parish clerks, and wet with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all awaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much by it, ven if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lerry. no good of it; he'd want al along to be out of the line, if he could see his

ray out, being once in-even if it was so. 'Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of

Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it wor

, which I don't say it is-Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

No. I will not, nir," returned Mr. Cruncher nothing were further from his thoughts or practice-"which I don't say it is wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed sage you, general light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your If it was so, which I still don't say it Meanwhile, what can each of us do is (for I will not prewaricate to you, sir, ) let that to save some of the thousands who are forever there boy keep his father's place and take care of his mother; don't blow upon that boy's fado not do it, sir and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make A THOUSAND DOLLARS AN ACRE FOR CAPE COP BOSS.—Cape Cod bogs, as every body knows, are good for nothing but cranberry culture. This land, well prepared and planted with wos so-by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. thousand deliars an acre. Under circumstances a barrel of cranberries on anyonnecment that he had arrived at the all grow upon a red square in a season. This r contracted for at twolve dollars hipmasters say they have noticed respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see cranberries bottled and for sale in London, all this here a goin on dreadful round him, in the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, It was denied that France seeks any indem-ty from Sardinia for the expenses of the war, of the denial is accompanied by the stateserious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it was so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action-not in words. I want no

words." Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Syd ney Carton and the spy returned from the dark

"Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to

fear from me." against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have insured access to him, once." Mr. Lorry's countenance fell.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To copose too much, would be to put this man's head under the axe, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," and Mr. Lerry, "if it

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy dis-appointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, over orne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. " Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could see my father weep, and sft by, careless. And could not respect your sorrew me were my father. You are free from that mis fortune, however.

Though he said the last words, with a slip nto his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He rave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carto Don't tell Her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable Her to go to se him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means anticipating the sentence Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he

oked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be: he returned the look.

"She might think a thousand things," he aid, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night. I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look ! "Anxious and unhappy, but very beauti

"Ab !" It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. A light, or a shade (the old gentleman could not have said which,) passed from it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill-side on a wild bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs, which was tumbling forward. He were the white riding-coat and top-boots, then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light sur faces made him look very pale, with his long brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log, when had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said. Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features, and having the expression of prisoners' faces for in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that

And your duties here have drawn to as

end, sir ?" said Carton, turning to him. Yes. As I wastelling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass.

was ready to go. They were both silent.

Yours is a long life to look back upon, ir," said Carton, wistfully.

am in my seventy-eighth year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to !" "I have been a man of business ever since I

have been a man. Indeed, I may say that was a man of business when a boy. See what a place you fill at seventy-eight.

How many people will miss you when you eave it empty. "A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr.

Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to cep for me. 'How can you say that? Wouldn't She

eep for you? Wouldn't her child?" Yes, yes, thank God! I didn't quite mean

"It is a thing to thank God for, is it not?

Surely, surely. ary heart, to-night. 'I have

You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they would be.

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire,

"I should like to ask you : Does your chilod seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee, seem days of very long ing their doom in the prisons, and still of to-

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered.

Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer but repeated them and went on to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and With a solemn interest in the arer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old !) many associations of the days when what we call the world was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

"I understand the feeling !" exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. "And you are the better for it ?

I hope so. Carton terminated the conversation here, by rising to help him on with his outer coat; said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the

theme, "you are young."
"Yes," said Carton; "I am not old, but my roung way was never the way to age. Knough

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. " Are you going out ?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagahoud and restless habits. If I should prow! about the streets a long time, don't be ancaey; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the court to-"Yes, unhappily."

there, but only as one of the crowd. My Spy will find a place for me. Take

my arm, sir. Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stains and out in the streets. A few migutes brough em to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton him there; but lingered at a little distance. and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day.

She came out here," about him, "turned this way, must have tred on these stones often. Let me follow in her

It was ten o'clock at night, when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had steed hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe

"Good night, citizen," said Sydney Carton, pausing in going by; for, the man eyed him inquisitively

Good-night, citizen. How goes the Republic ?"

You mean the guillotine. Not ill. Sixtythree to-day. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain some times, of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! droll, that Samson. Such a barber!"

"Do you often go to see him-Shave? Always. Every day. What arter! You have seen him at work?

Never. "Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen; he sixty-three to-day, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking, to explain how he timed the xecutioner, Carton was so sensible of a rising lesire to strike the life out of him, that he turned away.

"But you are not English," said the wood-awyer, "though you wear English dress?" "Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and an-

wering over his shoulder. 'You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here." Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good-night, Englishma

"Good-night, citizen."

But go and see that droll dog," the little uan persisted, calling after him. "And take

Sydney had not gone far out of sight, when stopped in the middle of the street under a limmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets-much dir tier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuup-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked

Giving this citizen, too, good-night, as he crap of paper before him.

the chemist whistled softly, as he Whew ! wad it. "Hit hit hit Sydney Carton took no heed, and the che-

"For you, citizen ?"

"You will be careful to keep them separate,

ing them? Perfectly."

Certain small packets were made and given him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. There is nothing more to do," said he glancing upward at the moon, "until to-mor ow. I can't sleep.

It was not a reckless manner, the manner is which he said these words aloud under the fast-sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled nanner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck nto his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great "If you could say, with truth, to your own promise, he had followed his father to the ave. His mother had died years before myself the love and attachment, the gratitude These solena words, which had been read at terday. Indictment delivered to him last or respect, of no human creature: I have his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went won myself a tender place in no regard; I down the dark streets, among the heavy sha- the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of have done nothing good or serviceable to be dows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on remembered by " your seventy-eight years high above him. "I am the resurrection and the would be seventy-eight heavy curses; would life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoseever liveth and believeth in Mc. shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaitmorrow's and to morrow's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it.

With a solemn interest in the lighted win dows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrers surrounding them; in the towers of the churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revulsion had even travelled that ength of self-destruction from years of priestly impostors, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding gaols; and in the streets along which the sixtles rolled to a death which had ecome so common and material that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the guillotine; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury; Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in sumed. coaches were liable to be suspected, and gen-

tility hid its head in red nightcape, and put on sacrifice of your child herself, you would have heavy shoes, and trudged. But, the theatres were all well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatre doors, there was little girl with a mother, looking for a way across the street through the mnd. He carwas loose from his neck asked her for a kies.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though be were dead, yet shall he live; and wh iveth and believeth in Me, shall never die

Now, that the streets were quiet, and the ight wore on, the words were in the eel his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated then always.

The night were out, and, as he stood upor the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where dral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were livered over to Death's dominion.

But, the glorious sun, rising, seen strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long. right rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light ap peared to span the air between him and t m, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend, in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again he lingered there longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the ana \_" Like me !"

A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened olor of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and erors, ended in the words, "I am the resurre tion and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep-whom many fell away from in dread-pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sit ting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so en-conraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart If there had been any eyes to notice the in her look, on would have been seen to be the same influence

Before that unjust Tribunal, there was little or no order of procedure, ensuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, forms, and ceremonies, had not first been so monstrously abused, that the suicidal ven grance of the Revolution was to scatter then

all to the winds. Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as vesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Kager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded juryman, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs empannelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter, to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the and gleamed at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Kyremonde, called Darnay. Released vestewlay. Re-accused and re-taken yes. night. Suspected and Denounced enemy of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges, to the in famous oppression of the people Evremonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused open ly denounced or secretly? Openly, President.

'Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vender of Saint Antoine. "Good."

Therese Defarge, his wife."

"Good." 'Alexandre Manette, physician.'

"By whom ?"

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had

"President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child ?"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in sion to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Repub-

Lond acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth re-"If the Republic should demand of you the him.

no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be stient!"

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Frantic acciamations were again raised. Decor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together, and restored the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Ductor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and de livered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the lastille, citizen ?"

Here an excited woman screeched from the

"You were one of the best patriots there, Why not say so? You were a cannonier that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accuraced fortress when it fell. P.

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm ommendations of the audience, thus as proceedings. The President rang his bell. but. The Vengeance, warming with e ments shrieked, "I defy that bell!" who she was likewise much

"Inform the Tribnual of what you did the day within the Bastille, citizen.

"I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bettom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him, "I knew that this prisoner, of who speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Pive, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. I I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the Jury, directed by a gaoler. I examine it very clesely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone ha ed out and replaced, I find a written paper.-

This is that written paper. I have m business to examine some specimens of th writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President.

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the priso ner under trial looking lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame De farge never taking hers from the prisoner Defarge never taking his from his feasting wife, and all the other eyes there intent up the Doctor, who saw none of them-the paper was read, as follows:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

THOSE ARMS.—The BOSTON Transcript says:—
"The direct charge that the arms of the Emigrant Aid Company were used by Captain Brown, in his insurrection at Harper's Ferry, is devoid of trath. We have the best authority for stating that 'the company has never invested a dollar in cannon or rifles, in powder or lead, or in any of the implements of war,' for use in Kansas, or anywhere else."

CANCER AND TORACO.—M. BOHISSON, a French writer, has made some very remarkable researches upon the danger of smoking. He states that cancer in the mouth has grown so

CANCER AND TORACCO.—M. Bonisson, a French writer, has made some very remarkable researches upon the danger of smoking. He states that cancer in the mouth has grown so frequent from the use of tobacco, that it now forms one of the most dreaded diseases in the hospitals. From 1845 to 1859, he has himself performed sixty-eight operations for cancers in the lips in the Hospital St. Eloi. The use of tobacco rarely produces lip cancer in youth. Almost all of Bouisson's patients had passed the age of forty. The disease is also more frequent with individuals of the humbler class, who smoke short pipes, and tobacco of inferior quality, while with the orientals who are careful to preserve the coolness of the mouthto preserve the coolness of the mouth-ce by the transmission of the snoke ough water it is unknown, showing that it s generated more by the constant application of heat to the lips, than by the inhaling of

In the course of a recent lecture in this city on his Congressional career, Mr. Giddings, Ohio, said that "during his Congression career he had at times uttered language whi after-reflection made him deeply regre had said at one time that, when the Sou had said at one time that, when the South w rawaged with the horrors of insurrection, would laugh at their calamity, and mock wh their fear cometh; but he felt free to say the such words were not the feelings of his hea He belied his own nature when he said at thing that might seem to favor blood or reb lion on the part of any class of men. [A]

plause. ]

plause. I"
CAPTAIN COOK TAKEN TO VIRGINIA.—Chambersburg, Oct. 27.—Captain Cook was taken to Virginia to-day, on the requisition of Governor Wise, by officers from Virginia, accompanied by the parties that arrested him.

Three Sharpe's rifles and a quanity of ammunition were found in the woods near the place this morning, by some boys, who were hunting rabbits. One of the rifles has C. P. Tidd's name on the mounting. The others are both marked "C. B." They were no doubt placed rabbits. One of the rifles has C. F. Tidd's name on the mounting. The others are both marked "C. B." They were no doubt placed under the bushes last night by the three men left by Gook on the mountain. The Washington pistol has not been recovered, and nothing has been seen of the men.
Governor Packer promptly ordered that Capt. John E. Cook, and Hazlett, in the Carlisle prison, be delivered up to the authorities of Virginia for trial. The person who arrested Cook, is said to be a nephew of Gerrit Smith.

A CLEROYNAN of Concord, N. H., so says the

A CLERGTHAN of Concord, N. H., so says the A CLEMENTAIN OF CONCORT, N. H., so says the Statesman of that place, met a little boy of his acquaintance on the cars, and said to him, "This is quite a stormy day, my son." "Yes, sir," said the boy, "this is a very set rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such byper bole, asked if he ever knew of other than well. rain. The boy answered that he never ki personally of any other, but he had read certain book, of a time when it rained fire brimstone, and he guessed that was not a wel

A TRIMBAN in the Nord says:—"Shamyl and his son were presented to the Emperor Alexandria, at Tchongoniev, on the 27th uit. The Emir was much moved by the great kindness of the Emperor. After assisting at a military review, he returned on the 28th te Khakov, to be present at a ball given in his hone."

WHEN Mr. Charles Reade began his story of "The Good Fight," he meant to make it a story of the parents of the great Erasmus; but this purpose was abandoned in the progress of the

work.
It is thought that Fred Douglass has fied to Canada, to avoid becoming involved in the Harper's Ferry difficulty. The United States officers were after him—but could not find him.

Pa: Solv bk No Solv bk Di Solv bk M Baltime Solv bk No Sol bks

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works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the Naws of the Week, Foreign and Do-TURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

### TERMS-ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA
FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized
Stol Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE
POLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms. Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your

One Copy of THE POST,	\$2,60	a year.
One Copy of THE POST and BOYM En- gravings of Ningara Falls,	3,00	**
One Copy of THE POST and one of Ar- thur's Home Magazine,	3,00	
One Copy of THE POST and one of Go- dey's Lady's Book,	3,50	**
CLUBS.		

2 COPIES of THE POST.
45,60 a year.
(and ose of the Engravings to getter up of Club.)

1 (and ose copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club, 10,00 (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club, 10,00 (but of the Engravings to getter up of Club, 11,00 (copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club, 11,00 (copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club, 11,00 (copy extra, or both engravings to getter up of Club, 11,00 (copy extra, or both extra ext (and one copy extra, or both Engravings togetter up of Club,) 20,00 " (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,) 30,00 " P. S.—The Postage will be pre-paid on the En-

DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philada.

when requested.

127 TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the package, by sending us a marked copy of the package, by sending us a marked copy of the package, by sending us a marked copy of the package, by sending us a marked copy of the package of the package

## BANK NOTE LIST.

PRECIFIC FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

		Philae	delphia, Oct. :	29, 1859.	
	PERNST	LVANIA.	Solvin CAROLINA.		
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	SOLV PRO	j die	ricultural	bank,	
	NORTH C	ABGLINA.	Galveston	10 dis	
	SOLA PER	I to I dis	CANA	DA.	
	Gros	161A.	Solv bks	1 dis	

Narcorne.—It is said that sugar candy is a narcotic when taken on going to bed. To use it, put two or three pieces of sugar candy of the size of a hazel nut into your mouth on going to bed, and before they are melted away you will be asleep.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 79.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour declined sales of 7500 bbls at 5c decline. State \$4.75, Ohio \$5,40695,55; Southern \$5,50(gb,70. Meal dull and \$6,000 to the size of a hazel nut into your mouth on going to bed, and before they are melted away you will be asleep.

A Name of the size of the

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

STURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.
A CHANCE TO ORTAIN
TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS
HAMILTON'S
VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS.
FICTION, NEWS, RUMOR, AGRICULTS.
FICTION, NEWS, RUMOR, AGRICULTS.
The Proprieters of the SATURDAY WYENTED
FOCT—the obsets and best of the Wester.
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The Proprieters of the SATURDAY WYENTED
FOCT—the obsets and best of the Wester.
THE FOST—and attention, and that they will one presents for the passers to ansensuse to the reading public, that shared we may extend at the impression of the Wester.
THE FOST—alled
THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.
By the AUTHOR of "THE RUN COURT
FAIRM," "THE ROCK," the "HISTER
HALLWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY
TOWDERS," "THE BAMOND BRACE.
LET," &c., &c.
LET," &c., &c.
LET," Acc., &c.
LET, "Acc., &c.
LET," Acc., &c

is mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers, without any alteration to note in prices.

HIDES continue dull. Some sales of Porto Cabello dry Hides are reported at a price not made public.

HOPS are steady and firm, with further sales of Eastern and Western at 156; 188 \$ b, as in qua-

is light, and no further sales of Fig. have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Prime stock is scarce and wanted, but other kinds are dull and neglected, and there is very little doing in the way of sales.

LUMBER—The market continues dull. Susquehanna culling Boards are quoted at \$13(6)17. Yellow Sap do \$14(6)15, and Lehigh Hemlock at \$10, with moderate sales. A sale of W. P. shipping Boards was made at \$14, and Cypress Shingles at \$12 for 2 feet, and \$18 for long do. Sales of Laths are also reported at \$1,60(6)1,70 \$2 M\$, as in quality.

are also reported at \$1,60 (£) 1,70 € M, as in quality.

MOLASSES—The market has been inactive, and we are only advised of some small sales of tart Cuba at 20e, Museovado at 30e, and Portland Syrup at 22c, all on the usual terms.

SEEDS—There has been a fair demand for Cloversed, and most of the lots offered found buyers at \$5,30 (£),70 € bus for common to prime quality, but with increased receipts, prices, at the close, are unsettled and lower, sales of prime lots having been made at \$5,50 (£),50 (£), mostly at the former rate. A sale of 30 tons is also reported, made from second hands, at \$5,65 (£),56 € bus, to go out of the market. Timothy and Flaxseed have been quiet, and prices about the same.

SPIRITS—Hrandies are firm and on the advance, with a moderate business doing. Gins are unchanging the second to the sec

SPIRITS—Brandies are firm and on the advance with a moderate businesse doing. Gins are unchan ged. N E Rum is selling at 35 (637c, as to lots.— Whiskey has been dull and drooping, Drudge selling at 25 (629c; Penna bble at 28c, and Ohio do at 28 (629c; hhds are scarce, and selling in a small

terms.
TALLOW—City rendered is firm, with moderate sales at 11c 读 也.
TOBACCO—There is no change in prices, but the transactions are mostly in a small way, at about

WOOL—The stock of domestic on sale is very light, and holders are firm in their views, but there has been very little doing this week, and the transactions have been limited to small lots of pulled and fleece, within the range of quotations, including the same been been been been to be a proper and a lot of

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.
The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 Lead. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard.—28 head I Abrahams, 8(2,9, 42 D Eckman, 7(6,9, 63 E McQuaid, Ille, 8)(6,9, 65 Carr & Baker, 6)(6,9); 7 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8(6,8); 120 Mooney & Smith, Ohio, 7)(6,8); 93 Marphy & Co, Va, 8)(6,9); 35 S Rhodes, Berks co, 7(6,8); 57 D Gemmill, Del, 6(6,8); 14 Bowen, 7(6,8); 22 Lloyd & Saul, 6(6,8); 27 Plumb, 7(6,8); Sheep—6000 head at market, and selling at 7 to 9c \$1 B, according to quaity.

net, and selling at 1 to 8; \$\psi\$ w, we coording to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—40 head R Merrick, by McCall, Chester co, 86,91; 39 J Miller, by Schomridge, Va. 3; 64; gross; 27 M H Forrest, Chester co, 7; 69; 15 J Mackie, Md, 86,81; 43 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 76,92; 19 J Holmes, Del, 8; 69; 2; 11 J Mennh, Chester co, 8; 68; 1, 45 W Heck, Md, 86,9.

At Inhoff's Hog Yard 2687 head were at market, and sold at \$7; to 8; \$\pi\$ 100 Bs, according to quality.

Na will be asleep.

A MARRIED lady in Loudoun Co., Va., is said weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds. Weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds. er husband is a great lady's man.

Board or Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 153—Adults 67, and children 86.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LOND, Nos. 28 and
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J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, Le.
E. P. ORAY, St. Lomis, Me.
Periodical dealers penerally throughout the Unit

Periodical dealess penerally throughout the United

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accom-anied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, 19th ultime, by the Rev. J. Patton, Mr. GRONGR W. BECK, of Potteville, to Miss Ews. JARE JACKSON, of this city.
On the 18th ultime, by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. GRONGR KERSLER, to Miss MAYLIDA ONA, all of this city.
On the 26th ultime, in Gloria Dat Church, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, Jours HRINK, to AKRIR M. second daughter of Jacob K. Vanghan, Em. both of this city.
On the 27th ultime, at St. James Church, by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, Krwand A. Day, to Miss LAURA C. Out.R. both of this city.
On the 27th ultime, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. GRONGR F. JOHDAN, to ENNA M. daughter of Geo. W. Coppuck, Key. both of this city.
On Wednesday morning. Oct. 28th, at St. Philip's On Wednesday morning. Oct. 28th, at St. Philip's

ENMA M. daughter of Geo. W. Coppuck, Esq. both of this city.
On Wednesday morning, Oct. 26th, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. Thomas J. Horokurs, Jr. of Peckskill, N. Y. to Miss Entrum K. Fox, of this city.
On Thursday morning, 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, John H. Williams, to Lizzis L. daughter of the late Robert W. Davesport.
On the 26th ultimo, by the Mer. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. Rowis L. Minet, to Miss Sanan A. Albanonr, both of Abi A. of, Bocks county, Pa. On the 26th ultimo, W the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas A. Hall, to Miss Janus Y. Runn, both of this city.

#### DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accom-panied by a responsible name.

On Sunday morning, the 23d ultimo, Helen, wife of Edward C. Hancock, of New Orleans, and daughter of Thaddeus Norris.

On the morning of the 23d ultimo, Charles S. Beans, in his 25th year.
On the 24th ultimo, Many Brindhurst, relict of the late Thos. Bringhurst, in his 79th year.
On the evening of the 24th ultimo, Mr. Archites Lawrence, at Fort Laramie, Nebraska Territory, Sept. 17th, 1859, Walter Lowny, in his 33d year. He was returning home to his friends in Philads. from San Francisco, California, where he has been for some years connected with the editorial department of the Alta California newspaper, and by his kind and gentlemanly deportment had won many friends. On the 2th ultimo, Gro. W. Shokener, Printer, aged 26 years.

On Wednesday night, the 26th ultimo, William M. Carbinon, aged 36 years.

On Wednesday night, the Zun Million, While A. A. Riberton, aged 35 years.

On the 26th ultime, Soundaisea Sellers, Sr. in her 74th year.

On the 25th ultime, Anna R. Lerem, aged 39.

On the 24th ultime, Mrs. Ann Steelman, aged

On the 25th ultimo, CHARLES BOYD, aged 20 On the 21st ultime, Mrs. SARAH A REIFF, aged

years. On the 23d ultimo, SAMURL R. SCHWARTZ, Sr. aged 72 years.
At Bristol, Pa. on the 21st ultimo, Capt. Abkar DEGROOT, aged 45 years.
On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH DAVIS, aged

56 years.
On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. JANK LUSHER, aged

THE STOCK MARKET. CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS. No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks in Saturday jast. The market closing dull :-

	on Saturday inst.	The	mat	ket closing dull :-		
	Bid	. A	ked.	RAILROAD 87	. A.	ked.
	LOANS.			RAILROAD ST	COU	KH
ι	U #6 pr ct, 18 6			AND LOAD	424.	
	1 1 162	105	140	Pennay vanta HR		
		LOB	(400)	ist mort bouds	Stor.	100
		109	9000	and "	100.1	H71
à	" 5 " coupon '74	102	T-COLD	Com A Mtock	379	38
	Phila e pr ct, old	994		Cam & Amboy 6 p		96
i	"5 " new		104	et bonds, 264	128	
	Ditta f no of	75	-		1.49	135
٠	Pitta 6 pr et.	73	50	ot bonds, '70 mort 6's '44	77	711
i	All'ay City 6 pr ct	65	73	Import 6'a 'A4		90
	County	100		11 100	HR	609
	R H issue	425	_	stock	197	1500
	Penn 6 pr ct	1002	-	Lohigh Valley & &	4	
ж.	40 4 10	931	94	mort 6 pr et	96	91
	Tenn 6 "	914	92	stock	42	4.5
	" 5 " coupen	77	100	Phil. Wil & Halt		-
٠	Kentucky & pr ot	Miles	1041	stock	30	36
Ł	Missouri	891	200	6 pr ct loan, '60	5124	100
i	Ohio ** 1896		Aug.	Chan Val H M 123	364	(980)
۲	N Carolina 6 pr et	980	98点	Ches Vai R R . '73 Tiora R R . '75 Willias & Elmira	-	85
	Virginia "	1971	MINN.	I We all trem de Palitaniere.		
t	Ind State 5 pr et	36	100	7's lat mort	415	50
	Cal State 7 or of			2nd "	71	8
•	NY City, RTI-5 BANK STOCK	914	5972	stock		1
ı	N Y City, RT'-5	114	116	Catawiana	-	-
	BANKSTOCK	M, &	e.	Beaver Meadow		
	PHILADELPH			*tock	(4)	574
п	North America	155	106	preferred to prot	Set.	1000
	Ph ladelphia	119	121	North Penn'a R R	-	
	Far & Mec	560%	19	stock	Re	84
	Commercial	50	51	6 prot loan Phd Ger & Nor RI stock, div d off 6 prot loan	611	65
	N Liberty	61	m.	Phil Ger & Nor RI		
	Mechanics	174	271	MIGGE, div d on	977	47
	Southwark	351	-	Marie I Marie	555	1025
	P Township	64	65	Minchill R R	NO.	16
	Kennington Girard	69	494	stock	64	55
	Western	435	GH .	bonda '83	5963	200
	Man & Mec	276	-	L. Schuylkill R R	343	
	Commerce	416	70	ateck	_	16
	Tradesman's	621	210	Long Island R R		10
	City	45	461	atonk	20	101
	City Consolidation Commonwealth	40	25	bonds	87	RS
J	Commonwealth		244	Erie H H stock	74	100
	Corn Exchange	201		Hudson River M R	314	
	Germantown	-	58	N Y Contrai	Title	Acres
J	Pittsburg, Pitt be	54	-	Michigan Central		4119
1	Exchange	54		Illinois	64	760
J	Kentucky, Ky	119	-	Michigan Southern	74	-
. 1	Northern	122		CANAL STOCKS	A A	ND
1	Low sville	115	\$10	LOANS.		
	Farmers "	1.99	100	Man a way to no of		
- 1	Union, Nach, Tenn	103	\$61.6	ions, 82	68	69
. 1	Planters	100	114	ionp. 6 pret	774	79
	NO Gas Light Com & R R Bank.	140	-	mtuck .	160	16
-1	Com & R R Bank,			preferred	158	16
1	V residence	7	24	Lehigh Nav stock	494	ME
1	Washington Gas			mort 6 pr et	99	-
1	Light Co	234		morip	254	26
1	Johnsh Zine	1	14	Morris Conso. d	4.6	19
1	New Creek		8.1	Ches & De	10%	10:4
1	New Grenada	33.	8.5	Ches & De.	60	-
1	America Ine'ce	144	1	bonds	771	
1	N Liberties Gas	31	me	Union	1	840.
	Southwark and			bonda		-
1	Frankford R R	94	36	Sun & Tidewater		3
1	Bonds	80	90	bonds, 1878		N

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# THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN

[This is the assuming point that the father of the bride feeliship talked of challenging the author for but thought better of it.]

Long ere the age of bulles and bonns. And Brussels lave and silken knee, When, in the green Arasdian close. You married Payeba noder the tree, With only the gram for bedding Heart to heart, and hard in head. You followed Nature's sweet comm naming loringly through the land— Nor sighed for a Diamond-Wedding

So have we read, in classic Orid, Row Hare watched for her beloved. Impanional vouth Loander And wrapt him around with her gulden hair never be landed cold and hare. With nothing to eat, and nothing to wear For Love was Love, and better then money-The alver the theft, the sweeter the honey And kissing was clover, all the world over, Wherever Cupid might wander

So thousands of years have come and gone And still the moon is shining on, Still Hymen's torch is lighted; And hitherto, in this land of the West, Most couples in love have thought it best. To follow the ancient way of the rest, And quietly get united

But now. True Love, you're growing old-Bought and sold, with silver and gold, Like a bouse, or a horse and carriage Midnight talks,

Moonlight walks The glance of the eye and sweetheart-sigh, he shadowy hausts with no one by. I do not wish to disparage . But every kiss

In the modern code of marriage And the compact ever Is not complete ting parties meet Before the altar of Mammon ; And the bride must be led to a silver hower

Where pearls and rubise fall in a shower That would frighten Jupiter Ammon How it befull Since Jenkins has told the story Over and over and over again. And covered himself with giory ! The King of the Cubans strolled this way-

The reigning belle of Manhatt Nor how he began to smirk and sue, Or as Max Maretsek and Jullion do, When they sit full-bloomed in the ladies' view And flourish the wondrous baton.

King January's his name, they say

And fell in love with the Princess May

He wasn't one of your Polish nobles And so our cities receive them ; Nor one of your make-believe Spanish grandes Who ply our daughters with lies and candies. Until the poor girls believe them Full of gascounde and bravado. Count de Hoboken Flash in the pan-But a regular rich Don Estaban Santa Crus de la Mussovado Senor Grandimimo Oviedo He owned the rental of half Havans And all Mataness; and Santa Anna. Rich as he was, could hardly hold A candle to light the mines of gold Our Cuban possessed, choke full of diggers; And broad plantations, that in round figures,

To capture the beautiful Princess May. With his battery of treasure Velvet and lace she should not lack Tiffany, Haughwout, Ball & Black, And come and go at her pleasure emeralds rare to behold Inamonds -- sapphires - wealth untold-All were here, to have and to hold . Enough to fill a peck-measure

The Senor swore to carry the day

Re didn't bring all his forces on It once, but like a crafty old Don Kept hidding a little higher And what she said, and all they did-Twas written down

For the good of the town By Josma, of The Daily Flys

A coach and horses, you'd think, would buy But slowly our Princess yielded A diamond necklace caught her eye. But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh She knew the worth of each maiden g She led the Don a donce of a dance

Jewels, and golden drossing-cases. And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls hat every one of her dainty carly Brought the price of a handred com-Forks thought the lass demont

But at last a wonderful diamond ring regular Kob-ismoor, did the thing. And, sighing with love, or something the same The Princes May commind

Ring' ring the bells, and bring All the people to see the thing! Let the guant and hungry and ragged poor

Throng round the great Cathedral dos To wonder what all the And sometimes stupidly wonder At so much sunships and brightness which Fall from the church upon the rich. While the poor get all the thunder

Ring! ring, merry balls, ring! Oh, fortunate few, With letters bine-

TAXABLE BURLEY PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF T Distribute: Cross of its cross front fabade
And caught a glimps of the cavalcade;
We gaw the figids
In be-dissected pride. With six jewelled majdens to guard her eide-Six fusirous maidens in farietan

She led the ran of the caravan (Brest in gorgeous moire enrique, That told, as plainly as words out She was more antique than the other), Leaned on the arm of Don Retaban Santa Crus de la Mumovado

In they swept, all riches and grace, Silks and satins and Houlton lace; In they swept from the dassied oun, And soon in the church the deed was done A knot, that gold and silver can buy.

Unless it is tightly fastened What's worth doing at all's worth doing well, And the sale of a young Manhattan belle So two Very-Reverends graced the scene And the tall Archbishop stood between By prayer and fasting chartened himself would have come from Hat organi matters kept him at home. Haply these robed prelates thought Their words were the power that tied the knot. But another power that love-knot tied. And I saw the chain around the neck of th

bride tening, priceless, marvellous chain Coiled with diamonds again and again, As belts a diamond wedding . Yet still 'twas a chain I thought she knew it, And halfway longed for the will to undo it. By the secret tears she was shedding.

But isn't it old, to think, whene

We all go through that terrible River, Whose singgish tide alone can sever (The Archbishop says) the Church decree. By floating one into liternity And leaving the other alive as ever des through that ghastly stream The sating that rustle and gome that gleam Will grow pale and heavy and sink away To the noisome River's bottom clay Then the costly bride, and her maidens six Will shiver upon the banks of the Styx, Quite as helpless as they were horn— Naked souls, and very forforn; And the beautiful Empress over vonder And even ourselves and our dear little wives. And the sewing girls and les chiffoniers In rags and hunger the livelong day And all the grooms of the caravan Aye, even the great Don Estaban Santa Cruz de la Museovado That gold encrusted, fortunate man All will land in naked equality The lord of a ribboned principality

Will mourn the loss of his cardon The Princess, too, must shift for herself And lay her royalty on the shelf Nothing to eat, and nothing to wear Will certainly be the fashion there Ten to ope, and I'll go it alone, Those most used to a rag and hone.

Though here on earth they labor and groat Will stand it best when we come to rest On the other side of Jordan.

- Dasly Tribune.

# Wit and Sumor.

Briggerry or Benniagy, -Call when the faaily is out of town.

Choose a dark night for your visit. Make as little noise as possible.

Wore stocked with at least five thousand niggers who might be asleep.

Remove all articles of value that come in Don't slam the doors.

his best Sherry.

Shut the street-door carefully as you go out. As you are not expected to show your faces on such occasions, you may as well protect the voter, by argument, of the error of his opithem from the cold by wearing pieces of black

cause if your host troubled himself in the least and give me your vote." "But, Mr. Cby attempting to return your call, you would replied his sage opponent, "the fact is, I do only be patting him to a great deal of inconve nience, and besides you would not be able to Mr. C- thought it quite useless to argue treat him with the same hospitality. More-longer with a man who did not even "believe over, such visits, paid, as they are, with such little coremony, are never expected to be re-

Should you by any accident, meet with a policeman, do not behave meanly or discour teously to him, but invite him by all means to join your little feative party, unless he should prefer to keep watch for you by remaining

party, last week, two of our money kings, pose. Some people have an idea that any-Broadstreet and Wallstreet, were playing sgainst each other. Broadstreet had just taken the odd trick: the "honors" were "easy. That makes us four," said Broadstreet, mark ing that number of points for his side.

Knonse me : it is four.

Come! I'll bet you five dollars that it was only three

"Well," replied the cantious financier, "I don't feel sure enough to bet, but I'll give you my word of honor."-Sat. Press.

Journal thus reports a row in that city :

"A large African, whose back might answer for a black board in a public school, was ar- be made of the article when dried. reeted, and a boulder, weighing about four sounds. was found under his shirt bosom. On being question into his possession, he exciaimed, with a coring up with the paring; for the moment the look of blank astonishment, 'Dat's just open fiesh of the fruit becomes exposed to the what I'd like to know, how dat infernal rock stmosphere, or heated, it begins to lose its get into my busum. I 'spect some nigger aroma, moisture, and flavor, all to the damage



LITTLE MAN OF THE WORLD .- Well, I suppose you young people have a good deal to say to each other that would not interest a third party; so I'll stroll off and smoke a quiet weed for half an hour or so!

N. H .- Our artist would hold up the above example for the emulation of all brothers, under umilar circumstances

THE OLD SERMON.-Judge M .for Hampden County for a long series of years, endeared himself by his kindness and benevostanding, cane in hand, one Monday morning, even or eight years ago, upon the steps of Elisha Gunn's store on Main street (now occupied by Tilly Haynes & Co., as a clothing store,

Doctor, Doctor !" sung out the Judge, rapping and beckoning with his cane to the reverend old gentleman, who had passed by without observing the Judge; " i have been trying to think," said the Judge, scratching his head, whether it is nineteen or twenty years ago ince you first gave us the sermon you preached vesterday afternoon.

'Twenty, Judge, twenty!" cried the Doctor as he turned, and without another word, kept on his course up the street.

HARD BREAD, OR A HARD STORY .- How hard corn bread may be made will appear from the following story, told by an old gentleman in Western Arkansas:

Smith for twenty years. The desk in my office is at the head of a long flight of stairs, and in the haste of business my inkstand is often I could get no material that would stand this Glass was out of the question. Stone broke like crockery. The hardest wood I could find soon gave way. Finally, a lucky thought struck me. I sent up to one of my neighbors, the widow B---, for a piece of her corn bread. After ruining several fine tools, I succeeded in hollowing it out, and shaping it into an inkstand. That was ten years ago; and, Agriculturist. stranger, I've used that inkstand ever since and I recken it is good for at least two genera-

HARD TO CONVINCE. -Some years ago, when Walk on tiptoe, as you keep moving from a warm canvass was going on for a Senator in the Legislature of Virginia, the issue turned principally upon the subject of "internal improvement" in the State, by opening canals, railroads, and turnpikes. Mr. C-, who was the candidate in favor of State expenditures Before leaving, drink your host's health in for these objects, encountered the opposition of an honest but not very intelligent voter of the district, whose vote he wished to obtain : and for this purpose he attempted to convince nion; and finally remarked, "My friend, if you This was enough.

# Agricultural.

## ABOUT DRYING APPLES.

October and November are the best months or drying apples, and the well-ripened, choice Nice Idea or Hoson.-At an up-town whist fall varieties are by far the best for the purthing in the shape of an apple, big enough to pare, cut and core, let the flavor be what it may, is just as good for drying as another. We shingles, stakes, bean-poles, &c. beg leave to correct this error. It is just as important to have a good apple to dry, as to raw, cook or bake. To those, therefore, who want good dried apples, we will offer a few

1. Let your apples be of good size, fair in shape, choice in flavor-sweet or tart, as you may prefer; both are good for a variety of purposes. They should be gathered without bruising; laid by till nearly ripe, but not As Ignorant Arman. -The Columbus (Ohio) quite ripe; pared with a machine—if you have a good one-and quartered, or half-quartered according to the size of the fruit, of the use to

> 2. Let the work be done as rapidly as pos sible, for the fruit may ripen too fast after be ginning to do them, and keep the cutting and session, he exclaimed, with a coring up with the paring; for the moment of its quality when dried.

of 3. If you choose to string them, which may Springfield, famous for a remarkably reten-tive memory, and who, as Judge of Probate you can. We should not dry thus, preferring wire-racks for the purpose. Then instead of hanging them up by the side of the house, is lence to hundreds of widows and orphans, was the sun, or in the kitchen, where millions of flies will alight upon, and live on them for several days, put them in a kiln, or dryingroom, with a heat of a hundred degrees of thermometer. Let the kiln be ventilated at the and which used to be a famous resort for "old bottom and top, to pass off the exhaling moissettlers',) when Doctor 0- chanced to ture, but not enough to make a perceptible draft through it.

4. When the drying heat has sufficiently closed the pores of the cut fruit to prevent the escape of its aroma, the heat may be modified en or twenty degrees, and so continue until they are sufficiently cured for storing away, which may be known by breaking a few pieces, and the absence of any settled moisture in the flesh, showing fermentation.

5. When sufficiently cured, pack them away in small bags, or sacks, not closely crowded in, but as they will naturally fill; tie them closely, and hang them to nails on the side of a dry room. They will thus keep indefinitely, or till you want to use them.

A well selected apple, properly pared, cut, ed and cured, is one of the best luxuries of I have been living down here below Port the table, while indifferent varieties, carelessly worked up, strung and dried in the kitchen, half covered with flies, fused with the steam of cookery, dust, and the accumulations and knocked off and rolled down. For a long time exhalations of an open and disordered living room, are not fit to eat, nor even to sell. We have seen apples dried after the latter fashion, even in the households of otherwise tidy peo ple; and to those who are in the habit of doing so, we say, try the other plan, and if they do not acknowledge it a better way, in every possible use an apple can be put to, call upon us for the difference in expense .- Amer

To SAVE TREES PROM MICE.-Mosses. Eds .-As we often hear complaints about the depredations of mice upon fruit trees, and the in how to prevent their depredations, thought I would give my remedy, to wit: Some six years since, about the first month, when the snow was some twelve to eighteen inches deep, I found the mice had commenced gnawing several young trees in my orchard, and on one side of my small nursery, along side of the fence; some fifty rows, 1 1-2 rods from the fence, were more than half destroyed What to do I did not know, but finally concluded to try ashes-by so doing save them. I took dry ashes and strewed around those trees in the orchard, and along on the nursery trees on top of the snow, and not a mark of a mouse You needn't leave your Card behind you, be I am sure you would agree with me in opinion, track did I see after. I have used ashes about my trees ever since, by applying them about the roots and bodies of my trees, from January of the process of dyeing is called mordanting, to April, and have not had one tree injured since. I consider this a perfect preventive, and at the same time a , reat benefit to the tree.

> VITRIOL AND PRICE POSTS .- Of the many methods of preserving fence posts from decay, together with the bonnets, and allow the whole none is perhaps more simple and cheap than again to boil for one hour. Then take them the one of soaking them in blue vitriol. At a out of the liquor, and hang them to dry as berecent meeting of the Parmers' Club, in Hud- fore, when they will be of dusky brown-black son, N. Y., one of the members exhibited a color. Chip bonnets, as a rule, do not require post scaked in a solution of blue vitriol, one pound of vitriol being used to twenty quarts dye easier. The final process is to size or stiff water. The post was pine, and when taken up was as sound as when first put down, eight This operation requires two ounces of best years ago. This solution is good for all kinds of timber exposed to the weather-spouts,

WINTER BARLEY FOR PREDING SHEEP .- A COPrespondent of the London Agricultural Gazette writes to that journal :- " Last spring a farmer in Hants fed his sheep on this dry plant, after it was in ear; his flock have not recovered from the effects of it yet. In August it first secured them, and he has lost some 23 ewes and several lambs; they dwindle away, and the rd says when they die, they have not a drop of blood in their veins,"

voted to the cultivation of flowers, and sweetacented plants, to furnish materials for the ture of perfumes! Look at the immense importations of these things, and the inquire why not produce them at home! Why net a field of roses as well as a field of corn !-The Cincinnatus.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes. - Johnson.

### BEDDING FOR CATTLE.

The importance of this is concoded for the horse, and most humane owners provide straw or refuse hay to put the mag at his ease when he lies down in his stable. It is quite as important for all the ruminant animals that we have domesticated. Instinct prompts them to seek the dryest, warmest spot in the pasture for their repose, and Nature spreads for them the soft green turf, quite as much for their rest, as for their sustenance. The wise farmer will profit by Nature's hint, and when he stables

usele, by helping to retain the animal heat, and promoting quiet and comfort. It also promotes the secretion of milk in cows, for the same reasons. Any one can satisfy himself or this point, by experimenting with a cow a week in a well bedded stable, and a second week upon the bare ground in the barn yard. Cows in milk are kept much cleaner with a good bed, My 3, 4, 2, is a beam of light. and this is an item of prime importance, with all who love clean milk. Quite a variety of substances are used for bedding. Straw and hay are the most common, as they are the most My 1, 4, is a pron convenient, especially to farmers who raise My 2, 1, is a neuter verb. grain largely, or who have a good deal of My 2, 3, 1, 4, is a large body of men swamp land, yielding poor hay.

In cities and villages, they are often too cost- My 2, 4, is an exclamation ly, and this has led to various substitutes, some of them quite as good as straw, and having this advantage, that they add very much to the manure heap. Dry sawdust, from saw and shingle mills, and the fine chips and shavings fro planing mills, all make good bedding. Spent tan bark, when dried in the sun, also serves the same purpose, and makes a much more valuable manure. Rel-grass is also much use for this purpose, by the sea-shore farmers, and answers well. Leaves from the forest, especially those of hard wood trees, make a still better bed, and form one of the best composts

Dried turf from a salt marsh is, on the whole the best bedding we have ever used in our stable. It is cut in Summer, in blocks of about a cubic foot each, dried in the sun a few weeks, and then stored under cover for use. It is very light, spongy, and absorbs urine better than any thing we have ever tried. A layer of it under a horse will last about two weeks before it is saturated. It is then thrown into the barn celar, to undergo fermentati

One great advantage of this, and of the sawdust and tan bark is, that they put the animal heat of the stock to an economic use. It promotes the decomposition of the vegetable matter, and swells the manure heap very rapidly.

Any one, or all of these materials are exceedingly valuable in the stable, and the stock owner should use them as largely as possible for the purpose of increasing his stock of ferti-lizers.—Amer. Agriculturist.

# Useful Receipts.

CIDER-MAKING WITHOUT PRESSING .- It is stated that a man at Parkersburg, Va., is sucessful in making cider by the following proess: He grinds the apples, and fills casks with one end open, the bottom having some sticks and straw, like a leach-tub for ashes .-On the pomace he pours as much water as it would yield juice by pressure, and that dis-places the juice, and sends it to the bottom, from which, after two days, it is drawn by opening the faucet, and as the cider is heavier than water, it runs off at first pure. The pomace, too, having an affinity for water, absorbs that, which displaces the natural juice, The steed like a hurricane swept the way and leaves the pomace quite tasteless. This For the rider had started at dawn of day, process may be useful to persons who have a To carry my Whole to his lady fair.

ew apples and no cider-press. CURING PRIORS .- A recipe found in your va hable paper, some time since, and cut out for future use, was tried, viz.: to cure felons on the finger by applying the spinal marrow of the ox on a piece of cotton rag, changing it every four hours; it quite successfully cured a For a bouquet—it should have been roses at worst.—felon on a lady's finger in this city. The vrri-Not such mean little children of sunshine and ter feels quite grateful for the information Scientific American.

To DYE STRAW BONNETS BLACK .- Suppose there are two bonnets to dve, one leghorn and one straw. Put an ounce of sulphate of iron into vessel with two gallons of water; make the liquor boil: then put in the bonnets, and let them boil for one hour. Then take out the bonnets and hang them on a peg to dry. When dry, rinse them in cold water. This portion the liquor being termed mordant. After the bonnets are thus mordanted, the mordant must be poured out of the boiling vessel, and two gallons of clean water made to boil in its place; into that liquor put half a pound of gali nuts (broken) and half a pound of logwood, so long as straw, because the chip takes the fen the bonnets, and put them into shape .glue, put into two quarts of cold water overnight, and next day completely dissolved by boiling. When the glue is melted, strain the liquor (then called size) into an earthen ves-Into this put the bonnets, one at a time, till thoroughly seaked. When the bonnets are taken out of the liquor, all superfluous size must be sponged off. They are then brought into shape as they get gradually dry. or they may be dried on a block. After th sizing process, the color of the dye is improved, and becomes black as jet .- Septimus Piesse.

CREAM PIES.-Into one pint of cream stir 1 tablespoonful of flour, nearly a half-cup of su-PLOWER PARMS.-Why not whole farms de gar, a little salt, and season with nutmeg or extract of lemon. Make a good crust, and your pie will be good.—Rural New Yorker.

> Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their

Ralph Waldo Emerson remarked in a recent lecture, that our trust in physicians was | Con not confidence in their skill, but despair of our

# The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WHITTEN POS THE SATURDAY MYSNING I am compand of 14 letters. My 15, 35, 14, was a title of Pluis. My 1, 7, 17, 12, 5, 14, was a Scythian priort of Apollo

My 2, 6, 12, 16, is she god of war.
My 4, 5, 14, 14, 1, is a fourth fury.
My 5, 9, 11, is a tommtale near Tray,
My 9, 5, 3, 14, is a title of Jupiter.

My 6, 4, 5, 14, 1, was the founder of the Eslians. My 10, 3, 4, 4, 14, is a town in England. My whole is the name of a female writer of the

#### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGNA. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SYRRING POAT

I am composed of 4 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, is one of the months My 2, 3, 1, is a part of the body.

My 4, 2, 1, is a vegetable

My 2, 1, 4, is a girl's name My 1, 2, 3, 3, 4, is what most persons expect to da

Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell, And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell; On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to r And the depths of the ocean its presence of

asunder ; Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder. Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath, It assists at his birth, and attends him at death: Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health, 'Tis the prop of his house, and the end of his

In the heap of the miser 'tis hoarded with care, But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir; It begins every hope, every wish it must bound, It prays with the hermit, with menarche is crowned out it the seaman and soldier may ros But woe to the wretch that expels it from home In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found. Nor e'en in the whiriwind of passion is drowned; Twill soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear Twill make it acutely and constantly hear : But in short let it rest : like a beautiful flower (Oh! breathe on it softly.) it dies in an hour

#### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SVENING POST. My first is either had or good, May please or may offend you; My second, in the thirsty mood, May very much befriend you; My whole, though termed "a cruel word," May yet appear a kind one; It often may with joy be heard, With tears may often blind one

Cedarville, Illinois. JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

#### CHARADE. BY T. K. HERVEY.

The earth was green, and the sky not blue. For the sun was drinking the early dew, When a Knight drew rein, to slake his thirst, As he started to hear from a cloud my First

He shook out his bridle :- " My steed, we're late She goes to chapel at half-past eight; We have far to travel through gien and glade!"— And he summoned my Second his hint to aid.

Ere she passed from her bower to the morning prayer.

When the lady came forth, in her judgment cool, She thought that her knight was a very great fool That to put on my Second, and rise with my First. And gallop so madly, and look so accurst.

showers

As are called by the name of my Whole among

## MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is required to fence in a circular piece of ground with a fence of 8 rails high, one panel of in length, so that there will be one acre of ground fenced in to every rail which is in the fence to in-DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the world like a vagrant? Ans .lecause it has no "ostensible means of support."

Why is the difference between pardoning nd thinking no more of an injury, the same as that between a seifish and a generous man? Ans .- Because the one is for-getting and the other for-giv-

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a publie hangman? Ans. - Because it has a stern duty to

When is a lady's neck not a neck? Ans -When it is a little bare (hear).

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a field for the place of action Ans. - I really cannot tell, unless it be for the purpose of allowing the balls to graze.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA-The British Par ament having passed an act laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all teas imported into Ame rica, the Colonists considering this as a grierance. deny the right of the British Parliament to tax CHARADE-Venison (Veni-son). GBO METRICAL QUESTION-27 113-147 inches.

A friend speaking to Archbishop have a great command of language." "You mistake, sir," replied the Aschbishop, "language has a great command of them."

THE WAHER'S EPITAPH .- "Coming.

THE AUCTIONARI'S EPITAPH. - "Going.

there envied snatch touchi splend

our qu

pany.

mony,

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WE

aire, s "Is so well this sp "It i such be

" Yo far as I " Yo And have b trouble To m

fices as tim go Woman I list

At word sonls in